This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY

*Bequeathed from the Library of*
*Professor Herbert John Davis*
*1893–1967*

3 2237

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

*ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.*

WITH

**Notes, Historical and Critical.**

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

*JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.*

VOL. II.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; OTRIDGE AND SON; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; R. FAULDER; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; R. LEA; J. NUNN; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER; T. EGERTON; CLARKE AND SON; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. CARPENTER; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; S. BAGSTER; J. MURRAY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; AND J. MAWMAN.

1808.

Digitized by Google

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
New Bridge-street, London.

Digitized by Google

# *CONTENTS*

OF

# THE SECOND VOLUME.


Page

MEMOIRS and Anecdotes of Swift, extracted from the Publications of Dr. Delany and others ..... 1
Some Particulars concerning Dr. Swift, taken from Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs ..... 27
Conclusion ..... 40
Pedigree of the younger Branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire 94
Appendix. Anecdotes of the Family of Swift. A Fragment. Written by Dr. Swift ..... 95
Dr. Swift's Will ..... 109
*Character of Dr. Swift, after his death ..... 120
*Character of Swift's Writings, by Dr. Johnson ..... 122
*Extracts from Mr. Monck-Berkeley's Inquiry into the Life of Dean Swift ..... 131
Inscription on the Portrait of Pope at Oxford ..... 152
..... Swift ..... 153
Testimonies ..... 154
A Tale of a Tub, &c. ..... 163
*Advertisement ..... 165
*Analytical Table ..... 172
The Author's Apology ..... 183
Postscript ..... 200
Treatises written by the same Author, which will be speedily published ..... ib.
The Bookseller's Dedication to lord Somers ..... 201
The Bookseller to the Reader ..... 206
The Author's Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Posterity ..... 208
The Author's Preface ..... 215
SECT. I. The Introduction ..... 228
II. Tale of a Tub ..... 243
III. A Digression concerning Criticks ..... 259
IV. The Tale continued ..... 271
V. A Digression in the Modern Kind ..... 287
VI. The Tale continued ..... 295
VII. A Digression in Praise of Digressions ..... 304
VIII. The Tale continued ..... 311
IX. A Digression concerning Madness ..... 320


Digitized by Google

Page
SECT. X. A farther Digression ..... 337
XI. The Tale continued ..... 345
The Conclusion ..... 363
The History of Martin ..... 368
A Digression on the Nature, Usefulness, and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels ..... 373
The History of Martin continued ..... 375
A Project for the universal Benefit of Mankind ..... 377
The Battle of the Books ..... 381
The Bookseller to the Reader ..... 383
The Preface of the Author ..... 384
A full and true account of the Battle, &c. ..... 385
The Episode of Bentley and Wotton ..... 413
A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit. A Fragment ..... 433
The Bookseller's Advertisement ..... 434
A Discourse, &c. ..... 435
A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind ..... 453
A Meditation upon a Broomstick ..... 463
Some Thoughts on Freethinking ..... 467
Dedication to the two first volumes of Sir William Temple's Letters, 1700 ..... 470
Preface ..... ib.
*Preface to the Third Part of Sir W. Temple's Miscellanea, 1701 ..... 475
*Preface to the third volume of Sir W. Temple's Letters, 1703 ..... 477
Preface to the third Part of Sir W. Temple's Memoirs, 1709 479

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

# LIFE

OF

# DOCTOR SWIFT.

## MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF SWIFT;

### EXTRACTED FROM THE FORMER PUBLICATIONS BY DR. DELANY AND OTHERS.

As Swift had been charged by many with want of religion, Voltaire, and other freethinkers, wishing to have a man of his genius enrolled in their class; doctor Delany enters into a justification of him in that respect. Among other passages to this effect, are the following: As to his religion, I myself have observed many strong indications and proofs of his sincerity in it, beside those now mentioned. His saying grace, both before and after meat, was very remarkable. It was always in the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion, but with an emphasis and fervour which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped into one another, and lifted up to his breast, but never higher. The religious and christian form of his last will, and the many prayers composed, and constantly offered up by him in Mrs. Johnson's sickness, are strong proofs to the same purpose.

There was no vice in the world he so much abhorred as hypocrisy; and of consequence nothing he dreaded so much as to be suspected of it. This



Digitized by Google

naturally led to make him verge sometimes too much to the other extreme, and made him often conceal his piety with more care, than others take to conceal their vices. I have been assured by doctor Delany, who lived for a considerable time in his house, that he resided with him for more than six months, before he knew, or so much as suspected, that he ever read prayers to his family*. Which nevertheless he constantly did, at a fixed hour every night in his own bedchamber, to which the servants regularly and silently resorted, at the time appointed, without any notice from a bell, or audible call of any kind, except the striking of a clock. And I am well assured, that when he lived in London, his constant way was to go to early prayers, and sacrament; which he thought made him less distinguished in his devotions. But though in his private capacity he indulged himself in his own method of paying his devotions, yet when his duty called on him either as parish priest, or dean, no one performed all the functions of that sacred office in a more exemplary manner, because in this case nothing of ostentation could be imputed to him. Of this doctor Delany gives several instances, and concludes with a very remarkable one, where he says, after a good deal of meditation upon Swift's character, as a man of true religion, I think I have found

* While he had good health, he read prayers to his family; and when his deafness increased, his friends retired about ten o'clock, after which he spent some time in his private devotions, and made use of the Liturgy of the church as his pattern for prayer, turning such parts thereof to his own private occasions as he thought proper. His prayer-book (which a friend of his still has), being fouled with the snuff from his fingers, shews the parts of it which he most approved. N.

out

Digitized by Google

out one proof of it so clear and incontestible, as may well supersede the necessity of any other. His cathedral of St. Patrick's, is the only church in that city, wherein the primitive practice of receiving the sacrament every Lord's day was renewed, and is still continued; and to the best of my remembrance and belief, renewed in his time. At least, as he was ordinary there, it could not be continued without his consent; and it is most certain that he constantly attended that holy office; consecrated and administered the sacrament in person. Nor do I believe he ever once failed to do so, when it was in his power; I mean when he was not sick, or absent at too great a distance.

His attention to the economy of his cathedral * was such, that he would not suffer a shilling of its revenues to be alienated from its proper use, even for the purposes of charity. If any thing of that kind was proposed, his answer was, that this money was appropriated; but he would give out of his own pocket in proportion to his income, as much toward any charitable purpose, as any of them would in proportion to theirs. Then turning to the person who made the proposal, "You, sir, declare upon your conscience, that the person you now solicit for, is a proper object of Christian charity. My deanery is worth seven hundred pounds a year; your prebend, worth two; if you will give two shillings to this charity, I will give seven, or any greater sum in the same proportion."

* In his cathedral he constantly, on a Sunday night, attended the anthems, having the musick-book before him, though he did not understand the notes, but only to see that the choir did not omit any of the words. He went to prayers every morning at nine; and often at three in the afternoon, generally preaching in his turn. N.



Digitized by Google

His strict religious attention to the revenues of the deanery, was so great, that he never failed to sacrifice his own present emoluments, to the reasonable prospects of a future sufficient maintenance for his successors and chapter. One instance of this appeared most remarkably in the great decline, and almost total decay of his understanding. He had resolved many years before, never to renew a certain lease of lands belonging to the deanery, without raising the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often applied to him for a renewal upon other terms, but to no purpose. And finding now that Swift's understanding was in the decay, and his avarice remarkably predominant; he thought this the proper season to make his last effort for a renewal, and tempt him with such a fine, as he was sure the dean could not resist in those circumstances. Accordingly he made his attempt; but to as little purpose as ever he had done before, the dean remaining immovable. He refused a large fine, at a time when he loved money incomparably beyond any thing else in the world, and raised the rent, as he had long since resolved to do. I visited him the next day after the renewal of this lease, and inquiring after his health, he told me in a tone of heavy complaint, that his memory was almost totally gone, and his understanding going; but that he had yesterday done something for the benefit of his successor, but he had forgot what; but doctor Wilson (who then lived in the house with him) would tell me. I inquired, and was informed of this renewal, as I have now related it.

As an ecclesiastick, he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to temporal, as spiritual things. He expended more money to

suppo-t

Digitized by Google

support and adorn his cathedral, than had been applied to the same use in any period since it was first built. He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting the members of the choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage, who was not qualified for it in all respects, whatever their interest, or however recommended. He once refused a vicarage to a person for whom lady Carteret was very importunate; at the same time declaring to her ladyship, that, if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean, or a bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because, he said, deaneries and bishopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern; but the merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day.

It happened that a young gentleman of his choir being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the dean heard of it he expressed great concern, and having paused a little, "Well," said he, "this will be a good opportunity at once to reward merit, and alleviate distress; I will make him a vicar;" which he did accordingly the same hour.

The poor in the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their district. For some of these he built and furnished a little almshouse, being assisted in this by some voluntary contributions; and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, by constantly visiting them in person.

In the distribution of his charity, that he might proportion his bounty to the necessities and merits of the

Digitized by Google

the different objects he met with, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he constantly kept a pocket full of all sorts of coin, from a silver three-pence to a crown piece.

He was a strenuous supporter of all the rights and privileges belonging to his deanery, against all incroachments attempted by his powerful neighbour the archbishop of Dublin; in opposition to whom he determined to assert his right of absence without his grace's permission, at the expense of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever again claim the privilege for himself; but because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent.

In contradiction to the account given of the great decorum and solemnity with which Swift performed all religious duties, there are two stories told by lord Orrery, to which I can give no credit. The first is thus related by his lordship: "as soon as he had taken possession of his two livings, he went to reside at Laracor, and gave publick notice to his parishioners, that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his desk; when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself, and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, 'Dearly beloved Roger—the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places,' &c. And then proceeded regularly through the whole service. I mention this trifling circumstance only to show you, that he could not resist a vein of humour, whenever he had an opportunity of exerting it."

Now to suppose that a man of Swift's religious turn,

Digitized by Google

turn, should have made such a mockery of this solemn act of worship, and afterward go through the whole service, notwithstanding the many absurdities that would follow in the course of it, from there being no congregation present, merely for the sake of a paltry jest, is too gross an imposition to be easily swallowed. It is not indeed improbable, that Swift afterward, in relating this circumstance, might have said, he had a mind to begin the service with—"Dearly beloved Roger," &c. and they who heard this, as is frequently the case on such occasions, thought it would improve the story much by making him carry it into execution, and related it accordingly. The other story is thus told by his lordship: "His humorous disposition tempted him to actions inconsistent with the dignity of a clergyman; and such flights drew upon him the general character of an irreligious man: I remember to have heard a story of him, that fully shows how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be observed with respect. Soon after he had been made dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the house of Doctor Raymond, with whom he had dined at Trim (a small town near Laracor) of which the doctor was vicar. The bell had rung, and the people were assembled for evening prayers. Doctor Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was scarce two hundred yards from his house. 'Raymond,' said the Dean, 'I will lay you a crown, I will begin the prayers before you this afternoon.' 'I accept the wager,' replied doctor Raymond; and immediately they both ran as fast as they could toward the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door;

Digitized by Google

door; and when he entered the church, walked decently toward the reading desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the aisle, left doctor Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayerbook, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win the wager." Now it is very possible that such an adventure might have happened at that time between two clergymen, and nothing more probable than that it would immediately be transferred to Swift and his neighbour. We see it every day practised, that witty sayings, blunders, and things of humour, are constantly fathered upon the most remarkable wit, blunderer, or humourist of the times, whether they belong to them or not.

As his lordship has given no sort of authority for the truth of the above stories, nor indeed for that of any others that he has related to the prejudice of Swift, except hearsay; we may judge to what degree of credit they are entitled.

Among the many false representations made by his lordship, he has been attacked for one of them with great spirit, by doctor Delany, in the following passage.

" A friend of mine, turning over the index to your letters, showed me these words—*Swift's Seraglio*— Surprised at this, I immediately turned to the place; where, to my great surprise, I found the following paragraph: ' You see the command which Swift had over all his females; and you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that

Digitized by Google

that are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the grand seignior himself.' This paragraph, my lord, gives me great concern, upon many accounts; though I shall mention only this one; that it seems to be written in the style of a man, who knew what he said to be truth; which yet most certainly was not, could not be, your case; and therefore I conclude you wrote it in the style in which it was delivered to you, by your monstrous misinformers.

"My lord, the intercourse in which my station engaged me, for many years, with the dean; my long intimacy with his most intimate friends, and the frequent visits to him which my love and gratitude exacted; enable me to assure your lordship and the world (as I do in the most solemn and sincere manner) that nothing ever was more false, than the informations you received upon this point; and that, in fact, females were rarely admitted into his house; and never came thither but upon very particular invitations, not excepting even Mrs. Johnson. The truth is, not one of those you are pleased to call his senators, ever presumed to approach him, till he very particularly signified his pleasure that they should, except his near kinswoman, Mrs. Whiteway, who was often with him, but not until the latter part of his life.

"And yet, my lord, as the honour I bear you strongly inclines me to assent to your positions, wherever I can; I must own, that if keeping a great number of professed nominal mistresses, constitutes the complete idea of a seraglio, Swift kept a greater and a much more extended one than the grand seignior. And I have had the honour to be admitted,

more

Digitized by Google

more than once, to bear him company in his visits to them. But this I must add, in support of the credit of your judgment of his constitution, that his visits were always by daylight; and for the most part, in the most open and publick places of the city. But yet truth obliges me to own, that he also visited some of them in by-alleys, and under arches; places of long suspected fame. Let me add, that he kept strictly to that Turkish principle, of honouring none, but such as were bred up and occupied in some employment. One of these mistresses sold plums; another, hobnails; a third, tapes; a fourth, gingerbread; a fifth, knitted; a sixth, darned stockings; and a seventh, cobbled shoes; and so on, beyond my counting. And in all this detail of his amours, I take upon me to say, that the singularity of his taste, was as remarkably distinguished, as his genius was, in any, or all of his compositions. One of these mistresses wanted an eye; another, a nose; a third, an arm; a fourth, a foot; a fifth, had all the attractions of *Agnas Polypus*; and a sixth, more than all those of Æsop's hump; and all of them as old at least as some of *Lewis* the XIVth's mistresses; and many of them much older. He saluted them with all becoming kindness; asked them how they did; how they throve; what stock they had, &c.; and as mistresses, all the world owns, are expensive things, it is certain he never saw his, but to his cost. If any of their ware were such as he could possibly make use of, or pretend to make use of, he always bought some; and paid for every halfpenny worth, at least sixpence, and for every pennyworth, a shilling. If their saleables were of another nature, he added something to their stock: with strict charges

of

Digitized by Google

of industry and honesty. And I must once more own, for truth exacts it of me, that these mistresses were very numerous; insomuch that there was scarce one street, or alley, or lane in Dublin, its suburbs, and its environs, that had not at least one or more of them. Some of these he named thus for distinction's sake, and partly for humour: *Cancerina, Stumpanymphe, Pudlagowna, Futterilla, Flora, Stumpantha, &c.* Pray my lord, are Horace's *Pyrrhas* and *Lydias* to be named in a day with these? And yet I cannot say that any, or all of them, ever influenced him, either in the composition or publication of any of his poems; though I cannot tell whether they might not have occasioned a very celebrated love epistle, from a blind man, to one of Swift's favourite mistresses, called *Stumpy*, from the fame of her wooden leg."

What a glorious scene is here displayed of Swift's beneficence! To seek out objects in all quarters of the town, from which the bulk of mankind turn with loathing; to place them in a way of gaining an honest livelihood, instead of being publick nuisances in the street; to keep them steady in a course of industry, by frequent visits in such places as the fastidious rich would disdain to enter; to supply their wants when business was slack, and encourage the successful by farther bounties—these are instances of such truly christian charity, as are rarely to be found. And after this, shall it be a doubt whether Swift had a heart susceptible of the soft feelings of humanity?

Swift's avarice was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity: he was served in plate; and used to say, that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland

Digitized by Google

land that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

He had a servant well known to all his friends by the name of Saunders; an appellation given him by the Dean. He was remarkably kind to him during a course of several years spent in his service; but more particularly throughout a long illness, under which he laboured for many months before he died. He had him buried in the south aisle of his cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a small piece of statuary marble, with this inscription:

"Here lieth the body of
ALEXANDER MAGEE, servant to Doctor
SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.
His grateful master caused this monument to be
erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity,
and diligence, in that humble station,
*Ob. Mar.* 24, 1721, etat. 29."

In the original draught, which I saw in the Dean's own hand writing, it stood thus:

"His grateful *friend*, and master, *&c.*

A gentleman of the Dean's acquaintance, much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out the word *friend*, and only write his grateful master; and this in contradiction to a known maxim of his own.—"That an affectionate and grateful servant should always be considered in the character of an humble friend." He performed the burial service himself on the occasion, and in the course of it was observed to shed tears.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other qualities,

Digitized by Google

qualities, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; "because," said he, "my kitchen wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, their treaty was at an end? if not, he gave them a farther hearing. His kitchen wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large size, robust in constitution, and coarse features; her face very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age; this woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*.

To the rest of the servants, indeed, he appeared to be churlish and austere, but, in reality, was one of the best masters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of their work, as he would have paid another. With these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessaries, except the liveries which he gave them. If in this situatio ntheir expences were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them; but on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulate to a sum which might settle them in some employment if he should die; or if they found it advisable to quit his service, which was seldom the case; and he with whom his servants live long, has indubitable witnesses that he is a good master. Beside the motives already assigned for wishing to continue in

Digitized by Google

in his service, their pride was highly gratified while they remained in that station; it was thought an honour to belong to the Dean in any shape; they had more respect paid to them by the people in general than is usually shown to any others of that fraternity; and the Dean's plain livery was a badge of greater distinction than that of the lord lieutenant's with all its finery.

He was one of the cleanliest men in his person that ever lived. His hands were not only washed, as those of other men, with the utmost care, but his nails were constantly kept pared to the quick, to guard against the least appearance of a speck upon them. And as he walked much, he rarely dressed himself without a basin of water by his side, in which he dipped a towel and cleansed his feet with the utmost exactness.

In company, he neither wrapped himself up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engross the conversation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His general rule was, never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation; after which he had a right to speak again. His colloquial style, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and concise. He also excelled greatly in telling a story; and though in the latter part of his life he was apt to repeat his stories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always superior to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off *double entendre* and profaneness, for humour and wit. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least

tincture

Digitized by Google

tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased when some of the company were ladies; and in his letter to lord Oxford, he says, "since women have been left out of all our meetings, except parties of play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated." And in this instance, his example is a reproof to those pedants, who suppose that women are never in their proper sphere, but in the dressing-room or nursery.

The custom of Dublin in his time was that the ladies should withdraw immediately after the first glass had gone round: but he never permitted this either when he had parties at home, or was invited to any abroad; always insisting upon their staying till the gentlemen had nearly done with their wine; and then after a decent allowance of time, they joined companies again at tea and coffee, as is the custom of France, and passed the remainder of the evening together. But the gentlemen at that time were too fond of the bottle, and of their own discourse over it, to suffer that custom to become general.

If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority.

Lord Orrery had said of him, that he was open to adulation,



Digitized by Google

adulation, and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery and just applause. From which charge he has been defended by doctor Delany, in the following manner:

"My lord, the charge of Swift's delighting in low adulation, has lain so heavy on my mind, that I have revolved it with the utmost attention for many hours, yet can find no just foundation for it. His heart was so thoroughly averse from flattery, that he took all occasion not only to express his utter contempt and detestation of it, bus also to dissuade others from it. How it might have been with him in the decline of his understanding, when he made hasty approaches to a second childhood, I cannot say; he might then, possibly, be fed by those about him, as children often are with plums and sweetmeats, instead of salutary food."

In confirmation of the above account given by doctor Delany, I remember, when his lordship's book first came out, to have read this passage to Mrs. Sican, an intimate friend of the Dean's; upon which she expressed herself thus: "I never yet knew any mortal who durst flatter him, except his lordship himself." Indeed the only way of paying court to him, was not by words, but a very respectful behaviour toward him, which he expected so much, that most of his acquaintance, except his intimate friends, stood in some degree of awe before him. On the contrary, he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it were offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and candour he had no doubt. In his poem of "Baucis and Philemon," which does not consist quite of two hundred verses, Swift himself related,

Digitized by Google

related, "that Mr. Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore."

I remember a remarkable instance of this kind, told me by one of his chapter, which deserves to be recorded as a useful lesson to such opinionated authors as cannot bear to be told of any faults in their writings. That gentleman happened to visit him at a time when the Dean was about to send a newly written pamphlet to the press; which he put into his friend's hands, desiring that he would point out freely any faults he might find in it. The gentleman stuck at two passages, and proposed an amendment of them, which Swift instantly complied with. When the work came out, the gentleman, upon a second reading, found he had been wrong in his objections, and that the passages had been altered for the worse. Upon his next visit to the Dean, he expressed some concern at this, and no small degree of surprise, upon recollecting that the other had so readily acquiesced in the change, without making the slightest objection, though he must have been conscious it was wrong. "Sir," said Swift, "I considered that the passages were of no great consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation, lest, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errours; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more free in your remarks." Though he had no skill in musick, nor ear for its beauties, yet he had sufficient for a most ridiculous and droll imitation of it; of which doctor Delany gives the following instance in a scene at which he was present one even-



Digitized by Google

ing, together with some others of the Dean's friends.

Tom Rosingrave was just returned from Italy; and doctor Pratt, then provost of the college, who was not long come back from the same place, and was far gone in the Italian taste of musick, had been that morning at St. Patrick's, to hear him play a voluntary, and was in high rapture in praise of it. Upon which some of the company wished they had been present to have heard it. "Do you?" said Swift; "then you shall hear it still:" and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over; except one old gentleman, who sat with great composure, and though he listened, yet it seemed to make little or no impression on him, and being asked how he could hear such a fine piece of musick without being at all affected by it, made answer, "that he had heard Mr. Rosingrave himself play it before;" an answer which, it may well be imagined, did not lessen the mirth.

Swift had a peculiar knack of conveying fine praise under cover of very rough words. When lord Carteret was lord lieutenant of Ireland, Swift happened to have a little dispute with him about the grievances that kingdom suffered from England, and the folly, nonsense, and injustice of their government in that respect; for he spared no hard words on that subject. The lord lieutenant replied with a mastery and strength of reasoning, for which he was so remarkable, and which Swift not well liking at that time cried out in a violent passion—"What the vengeance

Digitized by Google

geance brought you among us! Get you back—Get you back—Pray God Almighty send us our boobies again."

Voltaire, in a conversation with Martin Sherlock, the celebrated English Traveller, related an anecdote of Swift: "Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to him, the air of this country is good." Swift fell down on his knees, "For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it *."

Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who, among other toasts, called out to him, "Mr. Dean, the trade of *Ireland:*" he answered quick,—"Sir, *I drink no memories* †."

He greatly admired the talents of the late duke of Wharton, as the duke did his; who one day dining with the Dean, and recounting several wild frolicks he had run through; "My lord," said Swift, "let me recommend one more to you—Take a frolick to be good—rely upon it, you will find it the *pleasantest* frolick you ever was engaged in ‡."

Happening to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himself in saying pert things to the Dean, and at last getting up with some conceited gesticulations, said, with a confident air—"You

* Letter from an English Traveller, 8vo, p. 160. N.

† To take the force of this answer, it is necessary to observe, that it was made soon after bishop Brown's book had come out against 'Drinking the Memories of the Dead;' which at that time made some noise. S.

‡ Doctor Delany has wonderfully marred this tale in the telling, as he has entirely missed the point, concluding it thus: "Take my word for it, that one will do you more *honour* than all the other frolicks of your life." To annex the idea of honour to frolicks, is nonsense; they can be only considered as pleasant. S.



Digitized by Google

must

must know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you so," says the Dean, "then take my advice, and sit down again."

Being one day at a visitation dinner, a clergyman who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery, took it into his head to exercise his talents upon the Dean, and that very licentiously. Swift sat with all the composure of a deaf man, not seeming to hear a word that he had said, or making any kind of answer. At length the bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the Snarl; which was the name he went by. The Dean immediately got up, and begged that no restraint might be laid on the gentleman—"*Momus*, my lord, was always admitted to the feast of the gods, and privileged to say whatever he pleased there." From that time, instead of Snarl, the gentleman was called by no other name but that of Momus.

Sitting one evening with Mr. Addison, the conversation happened to turn upon the most distinguished characters in the history of the Old Testament; in which Swift preferred and supported that of *Joseph*; and Addison that of *Jonathan*; and after they had urged their reasons on both sides, with much zeal for a considerable time; Mr. Addison smiled, and said, "he was glad no third person was witness to their dispute; just recollecting that he was asserting the hero of Swift's name, Jonathan; and Swift the hero of his, Joseph; which might have been interpreted by a standerby, as an intended compliment of each to the other.

A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends,

Digitized by Google

friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The Dean being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. "When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and laid down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot, gave me some relief." To this the young clergyman answered, "Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such rebukes; and then burst into a flood of tears. The Dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him.

The following anecdote is given by Dr. Goldsmith, in his Life of Parnell. The Scriblerus Club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played

Digitized by Google

played he was always the sufferer. The whole party once set out to walk down to the house of lord B——— about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind; fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, as was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions; and taking horse, arrived at lord B———'s by another way, long before him. Having apprised his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house; but how to do this was the question. Swift never had the smallpox, and was much afraid of catching it; as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched, to inform him that the smallpox was then making great ravage in the family; but that there was a summerhouse at the end of the garden, with a fieldbed at his service. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

During his last deplorable state, the following circumstances are all that are recorded.

In 1739 a friend whom he loved, and had much confidence in, and whom he earnestly requested to have an eye upon him and his affairs on account of his departing memory (and at the same time made him a present, which he begged him to accept of), came up to the Dean, when he was walking one day through

Digitized by Google

through the rooms of the lower part of his house according to his daily practice, and asked him about his health, and so forth. This happened to be at a time when he was somewhat inflamed at some behaviour in one of his servants, and was about striking him, which his friend endeavoured to divert, by making some apology for the man. But the Dean's choler increasing, he lifted up his cane at his friend, who desired him not to strike, and held his arm. Upon which the good delirious old man recollecting himself, begged pardon; said, "You are a gentleman; I had quite forgot myself; I am sorry for it."

In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew, was Mrs. Whiteway *; and the sight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was toward her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions staid in the room.

* His first cousin. See a letter dated Nov. 8, 1735. N.



Digitized by Google

His meat which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

In October 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterward, he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken; but though he often entreated the Dean's friends and physicians that his scull might be trepanned

Digitized by Google

panned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

After the Dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—"It is all folly, they had better let it alone."

He would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which, he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily. Among all kinds of smells, none offended him so much as the snuff of a candle. It happened, that a young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper's relation, blew out a candle in his chamber. At which he knit his brows, looked angry, and said, "You are a little dirty slut!" He spoke no more of it; but seemed displeased with her the whole evening.

Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

He was sometimes visited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway the housekeeper immediately said, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?" To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening

Digitized by Google

evening with him, and which was as much as to say "you will ruin me in wine." Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months after this, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am;" and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool." Once afterward, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "bring it here;" and when the same servant was breaking a hard large coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly silent till the latter end of October, 1745; and then died without the least pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.



Digitized by Google

SOME

# PARTICULARS

CONCERNING

# DOCTOR SWIFT.

TAKEN FROM MRS. PILKINGTON'S MEMOIRS.

MRS. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from sending him some verses on his birth-day*. These the Dean received very kindly, and said he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after she was introduced to the Dean, in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady, if she was her daughter? The lady smiled, and said, she was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," says he, "this poor little child married! married! God help her, she is very early engaged in trouble." The Dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it, without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which

* See these verses in vol. XVII. N.

behaviour

Digitized by Google

behaviour was censured, as savouring of popery. But this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersion of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the Dean was surrounded at the church-door by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her very gravely, "that though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands." When they came to the Deanery, the Dean very kindly saluted Mrs. Pilkington, and without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you here to show you all the money I got when I was in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I will not indeed, sir," said she. So opening a cabinet, he showed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bless me," says he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the earl and countess of Oxford, lady Masham, and lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her choose two for herself; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poise them in her hands, choosing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the Dean's behaviour was very humourous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance, but

Digitized by Google

but the beef being overroasted, put the company all in confusion. The Dean called for the cookmaid*, and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered very innocently, that she could not. "Why, what sort of a creature are you," says he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amended?" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington he said very gravely, "That he hoped as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's time, to convince her she had better send up the meat too little than too much done?" charging the men servants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted.

Having asked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington if they could smoke? and being answered that they did not; "It is a sign," said he, "you were neither of you bred in the university of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in those two arts no university in Europe can outdo them." Having asked Mrs. Pilkington if she had any faults? "Pray, Mr. Dean," said Dr. Delany, "why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. Pilkington has any faults?" "I'll tell you," replied the Dean; "whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poise the scale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed, and told him he did her great honour; in that copying bishop Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, that when any speech was made to him, which might be construed

* Whom he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*. See p. 13. N.

either

Digitized by Google

either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The Dean then asked Mrs. Pilkington, "if she were a queen what she would choose to have after dinner?" She answered, "Your conversation, sir." "Pooh," said he, "I mean, what regale." "A dish of coffee, sir," answered she. "Why then," said he, "I will so far make you as happy as a queen; you shall have some in perfection: for, when I was chaplain to the earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." The Dean then set about making the coffee: but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffeepot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said, "Well, I don't know what to think; women may be honest that do such things; but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh—except my husband's; whom, perhaps," said he, "she wished at the devil."

"Mr. Pilkington," said he, "you would not tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her out to be a d——n'd insolent, proud, unmannerly slut." "What has she done now?" said Mr. Pilkington. "Done!" said the Dean; "why nothing but sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern good breeding would have struggled with me for the coffeepot, until she had made me scald myself and her, and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps at

Digitized by Google

at her head, rather than permit me to take so much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington staid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon's service; and he made her read his "History of the last Session of Parliament and the Peace of Utrecht, written at Windsor in 1713," asking her at the conclusion of every period, whether she understood it?" "for I would," said he, "have it intelligible to *the meanest capacity*; and, if *you* comprehend it, it is possible every body may."

She accompanied the Dean to evening prayer; and on their return to the Deanery, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, "that he gave them leave to stay to supper;" which, from him, was a sufficient invitation.

The Dean then missing his golden bottlescrew, told Mrs. Pilkington very sternly, "he was sure she had stolen it." She affirmed very seriously, "she had not." Upon which he looked for it: and found it where he himself had laid it: "It is well for you," said he, "that I have got it, or I would have charged you with theft."—"Why, pray, sir," said she, "should I be suspected more than any other person in the company?" "For a very good reason," said he, "because you are the poorest."

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the steps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the same time slipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and she had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire also; which she durst not refuse, lest she should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused thick wine.

In

Digitized by Google

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafness, he sent for Mrs. Pilkington; who having come, he brought out a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handsomely gilt; "This," said he, "is the Translation of the Epistles of Horace, a present to me from the author; it is a special good cover; but I have a mind there should be something valuable within side of it." So, taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. "Now," said he, I will give these what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. "Your task madam, is to paste in these letters, in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you: I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child; so I sent for you." She told him, she was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requested to have leave to read the letters as she went on. "Why," said the Dean, "provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far."

In reading the letters, she could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought

* All this account of Pope, and his letters relative to Gay, is pure invention; he had refused to give any countenance to this abandoned woman in the subscription for her poems, and this was the method she took of avenging herself. S.

the

Digitized by Google

the lines Mr. Pope addressed him with in the beginning of the Dunciad were any compliment to him? *viz.*

"O thou! whatever title please thine ear."

"I believe," said he, "they were meant as such; but they are very stiff." "Indeed, sir," said she, "he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, that had his heart been the least affected with his subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, compared with yours to him!

"Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind, *&c.*" Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns with faint praise.*"—"Well," replied the Dean, "I'll show you a later letter of his." He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentlemanlike reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. "Well, madam," said the Dean, "what do you think of that letter?" (seeing she had gone quite through it.) "Indeed, sir," replied she, "I am sorry I have read it; for it gives me reason to think there is no such thing as a sincere friend to be met with in the world."—"Why," replied he, "authors are as jealous of their prerogatives as kings; and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a monarch could in his dominions." Mrs. Pilkington then observing a latin sentence writ in italick, desired the Dean to explain it. "No," replied he, smiling, "I'll leave that for your husband to do. I'll send for him to dine with us, and in the mean time we'll



Digitized by Google

go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard."—"Where may that be, sir?" said she. "Why, a garden," said the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and enclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? "Why, pray, sir," said she, "where is the garden?" "Look behind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit trees planted against it, which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful, "What are you so intent on?" said the Dean. "The opening bloom," replied she; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance,

"Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime."

"Oh!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. It is the best in Ireland. When the masons were building it, (as most tradesmen are rogues) I watched them very close, and as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of which however I took no notice, until they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king of the rabble, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest:"—"or else, sir," said Mrs. Pilkington, "Your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night."—"Well," answered the Dean, "I find you have poetry for every occasion; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would have you sit down

Digitized by Google

down on that little bank till you are rested, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She seated herself, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help smiling at his odd gait; for she thought to herself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As she was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals. "I have been considering, madam, as I walked," said he, "what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to marry you; for he could have afforded to keep a horse for less money than you cost him; and that, you must confess, would have given him better exercise and more pleasure than a wife—Why, you laugh, and don't answer me—is it not truth?"—"I must answer you, sir," replied she, "with another question; pray how can a bachelor judge of this matter?" "I find," said he, "you are vain enough to give yourself the preference." "I do, sir," replied she, "to that species here; to a Houyhnhnm I would, as becomes me, give preference. But, sir, it is going to rain."—"I hope not," said he, "for that will cost me sixpence for a coach for you," (the garden being at some distance from the house) "Come, haste; O how the tester trembles in my pocket!" She obeyed; and they got home just time enough to escape a heavy shower. "Thank God," said the Dean, "I have saved my money. Here, you fellow, (to the servant) carry this sixpence to the lame old man that sells gingerbread at the corner, because he tries to do something, and does not beg."



Digitized by Google

Mrs. Pilkington was showed into a little street-parlour, in which was Mrs Brent, his housekeeper. "Here," says he, "Mrs. Brent, take care of this child, while I take my walk out within doors." The Dean then ran up the great stairs, down one pair of back-stairs, up another, in so violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expressing her uneasiness to Mrs. Brent, lest he should fall, and be hurted. Mrs. Brent said, it was a customary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington of the Dean's charity of his giving about half of his yearly income in private pensions to decayed families; and keeping five hundred pounds in the constant service of industrious poor, which he lent out five pounds at a time, and took the payment back at two shillings a week; which, she observed, did them more service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the same time kept up this charitable fund for the assistance of many. "You cannot imagine," saids he, "what numbers of poor tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, by this small loan, been put into a prosperous way, and brought up their families in credit. The Dean," added she, "has found out a new method of being charitable, in which, however, I believe, he will have but few followers; which is, to debar himself of what he calls superfluities of life, in order to administer to the necessities of the distressed. You just now saw an instance of it; the money a coach would have cost him, he gave to a poor man unable to walk. When he dines

Digitized by Google

dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the price of a pint of wine. And thus he acts in numberless instances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and who could have thought it? He just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the house being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that was his custom; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut may have the room clean where the guests are to be entertained.

He was sometimes very free, even to his superiours; of which the following story, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himself, may serve as one instance among a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The earl being willing, it is supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused him. He said, "she should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired.

His first compliment to her when he saw her again,

Digitized by Google

again, was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntness?

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This great man sometimes let them have dominion over him, and that on trifling occasions, especially at meal times: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for any pain he had given them. For then,

"Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl,
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

POPE.

Yet he preserved strict temperance: for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar; yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following story the Dean told to Mrs. Pilkington.

A clergyman*, who was a most learned fine gen-

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton, who had been made Dean of Derry in 1700, at the time when Swift was disappointed of that preferment, was promoted to the bishoprick of Clonfert 1722, translated to Elphin 1724, and to the archbishoprick of Cashel 1729. N.

Digitized by Google

tlemen,

tleman, but, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, "he hoped, as his lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the house of peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the service of his distressed country." The prelate told him, "the bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court." —"Very well," says Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honest man."—"Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean," says he. "Till then, my lord, farewell," answered Swift. This prelate was *twice* translated to richer sees; and, on every translation, D. Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose; there was now an archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then waited on the Dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment; for I well know that no Irishman will ever be made primate; therefore, as I can raise no higher in fortune or station, I will zealously promote the good of my country." And from that time became a most zealous patriot.

CONCLUSION.

Digitized by Google

## CONCLUSION.

FROM the foregoing memoirs may be drawn the true character of Swift; not on the slender ground of opinion, but the solid foundation of facts.

He was, from his earliest days, as he describes himself in one of his poems,

"Addicted to no sort of vice."

Wine, woman, and gaming, the three great seducers of youth, had never the least influence over him. He has often been heard to say, that he never was drunk in his life: there have been strong reasons assigned for supposing that he never had any criminal commerce with the fair sex: and though for a short time, during his residence in London, he fell in with the fashion of playing for trifles, yet he wholly left it off when he appeared in Ireland in the character of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

"Virtus est vitium fugere—"

is an old adage; and the bosom that is free from vice, is finely prepared for the reception of virtue. The soil in which no weeds sprout up, will reward the cultivator with plenteous crops of useful grain. Accordingly we find, from his first appearance in the world, he was possessed of three of the cardinal virtues, justice, temperance, and fortitude, in an eminent degree. His prudence, indeed, with regard to worldly views, might often be called in question; and sometimes he might be hurried away from listening to her sober dictates, by the impetuosity of a warm imagination, or allured by the sportiveness of fancy: yet on all important occasions, he showed that

Digitized by Google

that he had no common share of that virtue, so necessary to the right direction of all the others. In the practice of these higher virtues, did he constantly live, even with a stoical severity; and none of the great characters of antiquity were, on that account, more entitled to our esteem and admiration.

But to conciliate the good will and love of mankind, qualities of a gentler sort are necessary, the virtues of humanity; such as friendship, liberality, charity, good nature, &c. all which he was known to possess in a high degree by his intimate friends, though an opposite character of him prevailed in the world. I have already accounted for this in the preface, from a peculiar cast of his mind, which made him not only conceal these qualities from the publick eye, but often disguise them under the appearance of their contraries. I shall now show how this peculiarity first grew upon him. We have already seen during what a length of years his proud spirit groaned under a state of dependence on his relations for a scanty and precarious support. Upon inquiring into the history of his progenitors, he found that his grandfather had been reduced from a state of affluence, to extreme poverty, by the most cruel persecution of the fanaticks in the time of Cromwell. To this he imputed all his own sufferings, as well as those of his family; which fixed such a rooted hatred in him to them and their principles, as he took every opportunity of manifesting by his writings, whenever occasion offered, during the whole course of his life. This it was which gave him such a detestation of hypocrisy, a vice generally laid to their charge, as to make him run into the opposite extreme. In which respect he was certainly highly

Digitized by Google

highly blamable, as he was himself a teacher of that religion, which enjoins its professors to "Let their light so shine before men, that they might see their good works, &c." Especially as he stood in so conspicuous a point of view, from the superiority of his talents, that his example might have been of the greatest benefit, toward supporting the cause of religion and virtue; as on the other hand, infidelity and vice gloried not a little on the supposed enlistment of so great a name under their banner. It was this strangely assumed character, this new species of *hypocrisy reversed*, as lord Bolingbroke justly termed it, which prevented his appearing in that amiable light, to which he was entitled from the benevolence of his heart, except to a chosen few. In his friendship he was warm, zealous, constant; and perhaps no man ever contracted such a number with so judicious and happy a selection. We find him every where extolled for his preeminence in this first and rarest of virtues, by his numerous correspondents; among whom were many the most distinguished of that age for talents and worth. Mr. Pope, in his preface to Homer, acknowledges in the strongest terms his obligation to him for his uncommon zeal in promoting the subscription to that work: and well he might, as there is good reason to believe that the sum procured by his solicitation was not less than a thousand pounds. We have seen with what ardour he engaged in a similar office for his friend Prior; for though he had at that time little interest in Ireland, yet by the utmost exertion of that little, he remitted to him between two and three hundred pounds, collected by him for subscriptions to his works, as appears by receipts in my possession.

Digitized by Google

possession. Many instances of a similar kind have been casually brought to light, in spite of his endeavours to conceal them. His constancy in friendship was such, that he was never known to break any connexion of that sort, till his faculties were impaired in the decline of life, except in the case of Steele; wherein he was perfectly justified from the ingratitude and insolence of his behaviour toward him. Indeed his notions of friendship were so exalted, that he wished it might not be confined to the present life; for he says in one of his letters to Pope, "I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes."

To his good nature and tenderness of heart, many testimonies have been given by those who best knew him, in the several quotations already made from the letters of Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and many others. Addison in particular says, that he honoured him more for that one good quality, than all his more shining talents. Captain Charlton, in his letter to him, says, "I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those that love you; I mean *good nature*. From which, *though I did not always suspect you guilty of it*, I now promise myself an easy pardon." I have here quoted this passage, the rather, because the latter part of it is a confirmation of what I have advanced with regard to the pains he took to hide those good qualities he possessed, which were discoverable only on a closer intimacy. But as the quality



Digitized by Google

lity of good nature is that part of his character least likely to gain credit, on account of the general prevalence of the contrary opinion, I shall here enumerate some of the more striking instances of his great sensibility and tenderness of heart, which have been dispersed in different parts of this work. Of this the most unequivocal proofs have been given in his letters to Stella, giving an account of the stabbing of Mr. Harley by Guiscard: in his behaviour to the duchess of Hamilton, on the fatal event of her lord's death: in his affecting account of the illness and death of poor Harrison: in his weeping at the funeral of his servant Magee: in his bursting into tears upon seeing the furniture taken down in Dr. Sheridan's parlour previous to his removal into the country: in all his letters to the doctor when Stella's life was despaired of: and in all the tender expressions of the warmest affection dispersed throughout his Journal to Stella, which are manifestly the effusions of a most feeling heart. Many more instances, were it necessary, might be adduced to the same effect, but I shall only add one, from an authority which cannot be doubted; I mean miss Vanhomrigh's; who, in the midst of that bitterness of soul occasioned by his neglect of her, begins one of her letters, in the following manner. "Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, *because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched.*"

Nor was it in these articles only that the world were so mistaken in his character; from the same cause proceeded many other charges against him, all equally ill founded. He has been represented as a man of great ambition, pride, avarice, and misanthropy.

Digitized by Google

thropy. Now let us see what foundation there was for any of these charges. And first as to ambition.

This is generally considered as so powerful a passion, that it impels those who are under its dominion, to seek its gratification by all means, just or unjust, From this species of ambition, never mortal was more free than Swift. How little he was inclined to make use even of the common allowable modes of rising in the world, or to gain preferment by any solicitation on his part, may be seen by the following extracts from his letters to the archbishop of Dublin, written at a time when he was in the highest favour with the people then in power. "I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others, and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me .... It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough, by being useful in such a way, as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, though I often do for others." And in another place he says, "I know nothing of promises of any thing intended for myself, but I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well, to be surprised at disappointments; which however, I should have no great reason to fear, if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way; which, without affectation, I do not, although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so."

Governed

Digitized by Google

Governed as he was by such maxims as these, is there any one at all acquainted with the world, who could suppose that he should rise to any high rank in it? Nay did he himself ever seem to expect it? Perhaps there was no man of his time who had so many, and such fair opportunities of advancing himself to the highest dignities of the church, could he in the least relax from his principles. Upon his return to sir William Temple, after having resigned his living in Ireland, in order to attend his summons, he had the strongest claim upon him for immediate preferment; and there can be no doubt, had he pressed it, that the promise made to sir William by the king, would have been performed. But he had too much generosity of soul, to urge this at a time, when the ill state of his friend's health required the constant attendance of such a companion to alleviate his sufferings; and when his death had released him from the benevolent task, we have seen how coldly he pursued the claim he had on king William, and how soon he quitted the pursuit, as his high spirit could not brook the attendance necessary to succeed at court. When he went over to Ireland with lord Berkeley, though he had then no fortune, nor prospect of provison from any other quarter, yet, upon his breach of promise, he broke from him with marks of the highest resentment. He was afterward in high favour with the leading men in the whiggish ministry, who made overtures to him of the most advantageous kind, if he would assist them in their designs; but when he found their plan was to undermine the church, which he justly considered as one main pillar of the state; and to promote the private interest, of a junto, at the expence of the community;

Digitized by Google

munity; he not only quitted them entirely, but published several pieces written expressly to counteract their measures; and this too, long before he was even personally known to any leaders of the other party: so that his conduct could have proceeded only from disinterested motives.

During the last years of queen Anne, from the authentick account given of the part he sustained in the political drama of that time, sure never man had a more clear open way before him to the summit of preferment. He was the prop and pillar of that administration; the sole confidential man, without whose participation and advice, nothing of moment was undertaken, and the chief instrument in carrying their deliberations into execution. The bosom friend of Oxford, and equally beloved by his rival Bolingbroke. Had he been a man of intrigue, what fairer opportunities could he have wished for? Nay, had he only been silent with regard to certain points; had he followed the lead of the ministry themselves, by acquiescing in those measures of the queen, which they found they could not prevail on her to change, his success had been infallible. But, during that critical time, he seems to have left all idea of *self* out of the question. He took a decided part in pursuing such measures as he thought most conducive to the publick interests, let who would be disobliged at it; and accordingly incurred the queen's displeasure to such a degree, as to render hopeless all expectations of favours from her. He foresaw the consequences of such a conduct, and says, in his Journal to Stella, he knew it was the sure way to send him back to his willows, adding, with great indifference,—"But I care not."

From

Digitized by Google

From all this it appears, that he never was in the smallest degree infected with that species of ambition, which seeks to attain its end *per fas et nefas*: on the contrary, it has been shown that he declined taking the fair and honest steps, consistent with the nicest principles, which lay before him to promotion; nor would he even sacrifice to it the smallest part of his delicacy, so far as to ask any favour for himself, from those on whom he had conferred the highest obligations. But on no occasion did he show more clearly, how little sway ambition had over his mind, when it interfered even with the most refined delicacy of sentiment, than by accepting of lord Oxford's invitation to accompany him in his retirement after his fall, and refusing the pressing solicitations of the new minister, backed by the queen's favourite, to assist them in carrying their new measures into effect; though, at the same time, they were the very measures that had been the object of all his views, from the time that he had entered into the political line.

And yet he had ambition to a high degree, but it was of the purest and noblest kind. He was ambitious of forming a distinguished character in life, by exerting to the utmost those talents that God had bestowed on him, for the good of mankind, and by a preeminence in virtue. To answer this end, conscious of his strength, he relied solely upon himself, and was little solicitous about external aid. In one of his letters to Pope, he says,—"Because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour that my betters should seek me, by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them." How successful

Digitized by Google

cessful he was in attaining his end, has been already shown. We have seen in what a high point of light he stood, during the latter years of queen Anne; and what homage was paid him by all the great of both sexes, when he was only a petty vicar of Laracor. But this was nothing in comparison of the honours that afterward awaited him, when a whole kingdom looked up to him as their first and greatest man; when the humble title of dean, dignified by his wearing it, with a *The** before it, conferred by the general voice, made all other titles sink degraded: when at a meeting of all the nobles, with the viceroy on his throne, earls, viscounts, barons, archbishops, bishops, and judges, shrunk into pigmies, like the assembly described by Milton in the Pandemonium, upon the entrance of *The* Dean; all eyes being turned on him alone, all voices employed in his praise; and when that kingdom itself, by nature great, but rendered little by oppression, was scarce heard of in Europe, but as the place of his nativity and residence. What titles, what dignities conferred on him by the monarchs of the earth, could have raised him to such a height, as that true nobility of soul, bestowed on him by the King of kings?

To suppose that he was not conscious of his pre-eminence over others, or that he was not pleased with the homage paid him on that account, would be to suppose him not to be a man. But whoever impute pride to him in consequence of this, charge him unjustly. I mean when the word is taken in its

* He was never mentioned by any other title but that of *The* Dean; in the same manner as Aristotle was called *The* Stagirite, and Homer *The* Poet. S.



Digitized by Google

bad sense; for there is a virtuous pride, as well as a laudable ambition: and his pride, like his ambition, was of the noblest kind. That it was viewed in another light by the world, was owing to the wrong judgment formed by the bulk of mankind, who seldom penetrate farther than the surface, and are governed by appearances. But Swift looked deeply into the nature of things, and estimated their value, not by the standard of opinion or fashion, but that of right reason. The maxim he laid down, and always maintained in the face of the great, was, "That a man of genius and talents, was a character superiour to that of a lord; and the man of virtue, to that of the man of wealth." Is there any one who will dispute the truth of this in theory, however different the practice may be, from the corruptions of mankind? But Swift was not content with vainly speculating upon this point, in the manner of other writers; he determined that his conduct should be conformable to his principles. As he wanted not the assistance of the noble or the rich, he sought not their acquaintance; and if any where desirous of his, the first overtures must come from them, and their advances be in proportion to their rank; expecting, as he himself expresses it, more from a duke or a duchess, than from those of an inferiour class. To this, numbers of the first order of nobility conformed, acknowledging the justice of his claim; and so high was the reputation of Swift, and his character so distinguished from the rest of the world, that some of the most lofty ones among them, sacrificed their pride to the vanity of being numbered among his acquaintance. But it was only to the vain-glorious, who were proud of the accidental superiority which their

Digitized by Google

their birth gave them, that he assumed this behaviour. To his equals, among which number he reckoned all men of genius and virtue, he put on no airs of superiority, but lived with them on the most friendly and familiar footing. His inferiours, he always treated with complacency and good humour, unless they happened to show themselves to be either knaves or fools, and to them he was not sparing of his correction. In mixed societies, according to his own principle, he expected the same respect to be shown him, as is usually paid to persons of the highest rank: nor was he often disappointed in this, as there was something so commanding in his aspect, expressive of the native superiority of his mind, that it struck the beholders with awe, and produced that reverence from the heart, which is only shown by external ceremonies to artificial greatness. But among his intimates, this deportment was entirely thrown aside; where he indulged the utmost familiarity, giving free scope to the vagaries of fancy, often to a childish playfulness of mirth. In short his pride, if by that name it must be called, was of the same kind as that of admiral Villars, described by Sully, as "arising from that inborn noble elevation of mind, which, in great souls, is only a perception of their own worth, without the least mixture of mean vanity, or the intoxication of self-love."

The charge of avarice against him, is, if possible, less founded than any of the others; for never man was more free from that vice, till it came upon him with the other infirmities of old age, as appears by the whole tenour of his conduct. Many instances of his liberality, and unbounded charity, have been already produced; I shall now mention some others,



Digitized by Google

which will show how little place the love of money had in his heart. He allowed Mrs. Dingley a pension of fifty-two pounds *per annum*, which, with her own annuity of twenty-eight, made up a yearly income of eighty pounds; a very handsome support for a single woman in those days. But this he insisted should be kept an entire secret between themselves, always pretending that he only acted as her agent for money which she had in the funds. And the better to deceive those about him, when she has sent for any part of this allowance, he would sometimes pretend to be in a passion, and cry out, "Pox take this woman, she is always plaguing me for money; tell her I have none to send her; I have had no remittances from London this half year." And then, cooling by degrees, he would send her the money by way of advance, and take her receipt accordingly. By this way of proceeding, those of his greatest intimacy were deceived; nor was it till after his faculties were impaired, that he discovered by accident that these payments came out of his own purse. Acting as he did with such delicacy in conferring favours, it is to be supposed that many other instances of his liberality have never come to light.

Of all the trials of an avaricious disposition, nothing is so likely to make it show itself in the most glaring colours, as some considerable unexpected loss. To this test was Swift severely put in two remarkable occurrences in different periods of his life. The first was in 1712, before he was made Dean of St. Patrick's. He had deposited near four hundred pounds in the hands of his friend Stratford, which was all the money he then possessed in the world.

An

Digitized by Google

An account was brought him, that Stratford was broke. What effect this had on him he thus describes in his Journal to Stella: "I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour."

Of the other he gives the following account, in a letter to Mr. Worrall, dated Quilca, June 11, 1725.

"Your letter has informed me of what I did not expect, that I am just even with the world; for, if my debts were paid, I think I should not have fifty pounds beside my goods. I have not railed, nor fretted, nor lost my sleep, nor stomach, I thank God. My greatest trouble is, that some friends, whom I intended to make easy during their lives, and the publick, to which I bequeathed the reversion, will be disappointed." And in another to Dr. Sheridan, of the same date he says, "You are to know that by Mr. Pratt's ruin I lose only twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which he owes me. So that I am now, as near as I can compute, not worth one farthing but my goods. I am therefore just to begin the world. I should value it less, if some friends and the publick were not to suffer; and I am ashamed to see myself so little concerned on account of the two latter. For, as to myself, I have learned to consider what is left, and not what is lost—but enough of this."

Such a perfect resignation and composure of mind on such trying occasions, must surely clear him from all imputations of avarice; and it is evident from the above passages, that he valued money no farther than as it might enable him to be useful to others. For, with

Digitized by Google

with regard to all expences relative to himself, he was more than frugal; as he grudged every superfluity in his domestick economy, in order that he might have it more in his power to gratify his charitable and liberal propensities. And here we have a strong proof given how far he had indulged himself in that way, when we find that in the year 1725, twelve years after his being in possession of his deanery, he had saved only so small a sum as 1250l. But nothing can demonstrate more clearly the little value he at all times set upon money, than his scorning to receive any payment for his works, even when his circumstances were at the lowest. In these two great articles of preferment and fortune, he seems to have adopted the maxims, and followed the example of his noble disinterested friend, sir William Temple; who never solicited any employment, nor never received the smallest reward for all the great services he did the nation. But this conduct was certainly more meritorious in Swift, as sir William inherited an easy independent fortune, and Swift was born to no patrimony.

The last charge, as before mentioned against Swift, and which has gained most general credit, is that of perfect misanthropy; and this is chiefly founded upon his supposed satire upon human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the Yahoos. This opinion has been so universally adopted by almost all who have read Gulliver's Travels, that to controvert it would be supposed to act in opposition to the common sense and reason of mankind. And yet I will undertake to overthrow it, by appealing to that very reason and common sense, upon which they suppose it to be founded. I shall only beg of my reader that he

Digitized by Google

he would lay aside for a while any prepossession he may have entertained of that kind, and candidly examine what I shall advance in support of the opposite side of the question; and if he finds the arguments there laid down unanswerable, that he will not obstinately persist in errour, by whatever numbers it may be supported, but ingeniously yield to conviction. The position I mean to prove is, that the whole apologue of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, far from being intended as a debasement of human nature, if rightly understood, is evidently designed to show in what the true dignity and perfection of man's nature consists, and to point out the way by which it may be attained.

In order to this, let us first see with what design the fourth book of the Travels was written. In the first three books he has given various views of the different vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, not without some mixture of good qualities, of virtue and wisdom, though in a small proportion to the others, as they are to be found in life. In his last book, he meant to exhibit two new portraits; one, of pure unmixed vice; the other, of perfect unadulterated virtue: in order that the native deformity of the one, might excite in us a deeper abhorrence of evil; and the resplendent charms of the other, allure us to what is good. To represent these to us in sensible forms, he clothes the one with the body of a man; the other, with that of a horse. Between these two he divides the qualities of the human mind, taking away the rational soul from the Yahoo, and transferring it to the Houyhnhnm. To the Yahoo he leaves all the passions and evil propensities of man's nature, to be exerted without any check or control, as in the case of all other

Digitized by Google

other animals. The rational soul in the Houyhnhnm, acts unerringly as by instinct; it intuitively perceives what is right, and necessarily acts up to the dictates of reason. The Yahoo, as here described, is a creature of fancy, the product of the author's brain, which never had any thing similar to it upon earth. It has no resemblance to man but in the make of its body, and the vicious propensities of its nature. It differs from him wholly in all the characteristical marks which distinguish man from the rest of the animal world. It has not a ray of reason, it has no speech, and it goes, like other quadrupeds, upon all four. Now, as reason, speech, and walking upright on two legs, are the universal properties of the human race, even in the most savage nations, which peculiarly mark their superiority over brutes, how, in the name of Heaven, has it come to pass, that by almost all who have read Gulliver, the Yahoos have been considered as beings of the human species, and the odious picture drawn of them, as intended to vilify and debase our nature? But it is evident from the whole account given of this creature of his fancy, that the author intended it should be considered as a mere beast of a new species; for he has not only deprived it of all the characteristical distinctions of man before recited, but has superadded some material differences even in his bodily organs and powers, sufficient to distinguish it from the human race. He says,—"They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked." Now it is well known, that the human nails, when suffered to grow to any considerable length, never assume that shape, and unless pared, disable the hands from

Digitized by Google

from discharging their office*. He says in another place.—" They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. This is directly opposite to the nature of the children of men, who are the most helpless in infancy, and the slowest in arriving at any degree of strength or agility, of all living creatures. Indeed it was necessary to the author's end, that of showing the vicious qualities of man's nature in their pure unmixed state, that the creature in whom they were placed should be a mere brute, governed as all others are by an irresistible instinct, without any control from a superiour faculty; and accordingly he seems to have thrown in these additional circumstances to distinguish it from any thing human. At the same time it was also necessary to give this creature the human form, in order to bring the lesson home to man, by having the vicious parts of his nature reflected back to him from one in his own shape; for in the form of any other creature, he would not think himself at all concerned in it. Yet it is on account of its bodily form only, represented as it is in so hideous a light, that the pride of man was alarmed, and made him blind to the author's design, so as to charge him with an intention of degrading and vilifying the whole of human nature below that of brutes. I have already shown that the whole of human nature has no concern in what is related of this creature, as he is entirely deprived of all the characteristick properties of man which distinguish him from, and elevate him

* The mandarins of China, from an absurd custom of letting their nails grow to their utmost extent, as a mark of distinction, are obliged to have all the common offices of life, even to that of feeding them, performed by their domesticks. S.

above

Digitized by Google

above all other animals. I have also shown, that even his body, however resembling in outward form, is not the body of a man, but of a beast. In the first place it is prone, like all other beasts, which never was the case in any human creature.

*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*
*Jussit.*

In the next, he has long hooked claws, which enable him to climb the highest trees with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and to dig holes in the earth for his habitation. Their faces too, as in some other tribes of animals, were all alike, being thus described: "The face of this animal indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide." When we consider too, that these features were never enlivened by the rational soul, nor the countenance lighted up by the benevolent sensations in man, which constitute the chief beauty of the human face, but on the contrary were continually distorted by a variety of malevolent passions, we must conclude with Gulliver, that such a man beast must be the most odious animal that ever crawled upon the face of the earth; and that his description of it, disgusting as it is, is not in the least exaggerated. At first sight they had so little resemblance to any thing human, that Gulliver mistook them for some new species of cattle belonging to the inhabitants. After having given a description of them as they appeared to him when he first saw a number of them near him, where he lay concealed behind a thicket, in order to mark their form more distinctly, he says, "So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued

Digitized by Google

pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures, full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways, every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approached nearer, *lifted up his fore paw*, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell: but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I killed or maimed any of *their cattle*. And it was not till afterward, when he had an opportunity of examining one of them more closely in his kennel, that he perceived its resemblance to the human figure. But it may be asked, to what end has such an odious animal been produced to view? The answer is obvious: The design of the author, in the whole of this apologue, is, to place before the eyes of man a picture of the two different parts of his frame, detached from each other, in order that he may the better estimate the true value of each, and see the necessity there is that the one should have an absolute command over the other. In your merely animal capacity, says he to man, without reason to guide you, and actuated only by a blind instinct, I will shew you that you would be degraded below the beasts of the field. That very form, that very body, you are now so proud of, as giving you such a superiority over all other animals, I will show you owe all their beauty, and all their greatest powers, to their being actuated by a rational soul. Let that be withdrawn, let the body be inhabited by the mind of a brute, let it

Digitized by Google

it be prone as theirs are, and suffered like theirs to take its natural course, without any assistance from art, you would in that case be the most deformed, as to your external appearance, the most detestable of all creatures. And with regard to your internal frame, filled with all the evil dispositions, and malignant passions of mankind, you would be the most miserable of beings, living in a continual state of internal vexation, and of hatred and warfare with each other.

On the other hand, I will show another picture of an animal endowed with a rational soul, and acting uniformly up to the dictates of right reason. Here you may see collected all the virtues, all the great qualities, which dignify man's nature, and constitute the happiness of his life. What is the natural inference to be drawn from these two different representations? Is it not evidently a lesson to mankind, warning them not to suffer the animal part to be predominant in them, lest they resemble the vile Yahoo, and fall into vice and misery; but to emulate the noble and generous Houyhnhnm, by cultivating the rational faculty to the utmost; which will lead them to a life of virtue and happiness.

Is it not very extraordinary that mankind in general should so readily acknowledge their resemblance to the Yahoo, whose similitude to man consists only in the make of its body, and the evil dispositions of its mind; and that they should see no resemblance to themselves, in a creature possessed of their chief characteristical marks, reason and speech, and endowed with every virtue, with every noble quality, which constitute the dignity of man's nature, which distinguish and elevate the human above the brute species?

Digitized by Google

cies? Shall they arraign the author of writing a malignant satire against human nature, when reduced to its most abject brutal state, and wholly under the dominion of the passions; and shall they give him no credit for the exalted view in which he has placed the nobler part of our nature, when wholly under the direction of right reason? Or are mankind so stupid, as in an avowed fable, to stop at the outside, the vehicle, without diving into the concealed moral, which is the object of all fable? Do they really take the Yahoo for a man, because it has the form of a man; and the Houyhnhnm for a horse, because it has the form of a horse? But we need not wonder that the bulk of mankind should fall into this errour, when we find men pretending to the utmost depths of wisdom, avowing themselves of the same mind. The learned Mr. Harris, in his Philological Inquiries, has the following passage: "Misanthropy is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping the very foundations of morality and religion, that I esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we are forbid, as the most flagitious and obscene. One absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking—in order to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts, and beastly characters to his men: so that we are to admire the beasts, not for being beasts, but amiable men; and to detest the men, not for being men, but detestable beasts." I believe so strange an interpretation of an author's meaning, never fell from the pen of any commentator. He first assumes that the

end

Digitized by Google

end proposed by Swift in this fable, is, to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beasts amiable. This surely was a most unaccountable design in any human creature; and before it can be admitted, it ought to be first proved that Swift was of a beastly disposition, which engaged him on the side of his fellow brutes. And if this were his object, no mortal ever used more unlikely means to attain it, and no one ever more completely failed of his end. By representing a beast in a human form, without any one characteristical mark of man, he could hardly expect to render human nature itself odious; and by exhibiting so strange a phenomenon as the soul of man actuating a quadruped, and regulating his conduct by the rules of right reason, he could as little hope to render the nature of irrational beasts more amiable. And accordingly I believe no mortal ever had a worse opinion of human nature, from his description of the Yahoos; nor a better of the brute creation, from that of the Houyhnhnms. And all the ill effect produced by this fable, has been turned on the author himself, by raising the general indignation of mankind against him, from a mistaken view of his intention: so that the writer of the above remarks, need not have prohibited the reading of that part of Gulliver with such solemnity, as it never did, nor never can make one proselyte to misanthropy, whereof he seems so apprehensive; but on the contrary may be productive of great good, from the moral so evidently to be deduced from it, as has already been made appear.

In one paragraph of the above quoted passage, the author, wrapped up in the pride of philosophy, seems to look down upon Swift with Sovereign contempt; where

Digitized by Google

where he says,—"One absurdity in this author (a *wretched philosopher*, though a great wit) is well worth remarking," &c. But it has been already shewn, that the absurdity belongs to the commentator, not to the author; and it will be difficult to persuade the world, that Swift is not one of the greatest adepts in the first philosophy, the science of mankind; of which he has given such ample proofs throughout his works, and more particularly in this very book, so superciliously decried by this *soi disant* philosopher; and which will be of more real benefit to mankind, than the labours of a thousand such writers as the author of Philological Inquiries, employed about splendid trifles, and useless metaphysicks.

Another writer of no small eminence has attacked Swift with great virulence on the same account. In a pamphlet of Dr. Young's, entitled Conjectures on Original Composition, there is the following passage: "If so, O Gulliver! dost thou not shudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering o'er thee? Shudder on! they cannot shock thee more, than decency has been shocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhnms thrown thy judgment from its seat, and laid thy imagination in the mire? In what ordure hast thou dipped thy pencil? What a monster hast thou made of the

'Human face divine?' MILTON.

This writer has so satirized human nature, as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized."

In answer to which I shall address him in his own way—O Doctor Young, how has thy prejudice thrown thy judgment from its seat, and let thy imagination



Digitized by Google

hurry thee beyond all bounds of common sense! In what black composition of spleen and envy hast thou dipped thy pen! What a monstrous character hast thou given of

'One of the noblest men
That ever lived in the tide of times!' SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast so satirized this great man, as to show that thou thyself deservest the utmost severity of satire.

After such a string of poetical epiphonemas, what is the charge which he brings against Swift? It is all contained in these words—"What a monster hast thou made of the human face divine!" Now as Dr. Young himself, and all the world must have allowed, that the human face can have no claim to the epithet of divine, unless when animated by the divine particle within us, how can he be said to make a monstrous representation of the human face divine, who first supposes the divine part to be withdrawn, which entitled it to that appellation, and substitutes in its place the mind of a brute? Must not the human countenance in this case lose all that beauty and expression which it derives from the soul's looking out at the eyes, and animating every feature? On the contrary, what more deformed or shocking object can be exhibited to view, than the human face distorted by all the vile and malevolent passions belonging to man's nature? Let any one reflect what sensations he has had on the sight of an idiot, an outrageous madman, or one possessed by ungovernable fury, extreme hatred, or implacable revenge, and he must allow that the picture Swift gives of the Yahoo face, always expressive of some one or other of similar passions, however hideous it may be, is yet a just likeness.

What

Digitized by Google

What then is the meaning of the general clamour raised against Swift, unless it be thought criminal in him to suppose it possible, even in a fable, that the human frame, upon which we value ourselves so highly, might be the receptacle of a brutal soul? I should not wonder if such men should arraign the Almighty also, for having nearly effected this in the case of Nebuchadnezzar; or exhibiting another instance of it to our view, without a miracle, in that of Peter the wild man, caught in the woods of Germany; in whom was to be found a perfect image of that man beast which Swift supposes in his Yahoo *. Nor should I be surprised if they who value themselves chiefly on their outward form, should mutter complaints against their Creator, for giving certain animals so near a resemblance to them, as is to be found in some species of baboons, but more particularly in the man-tiger; who not only is formed exactly like man in his bodily organs, but like him too, often walks erect upon two legs, with a staff in his hand, sits down upon chairs, and has the same deportment in many other points.

But while they so squeamishly take offence at this nonentity, this chimera of the brain, does it never occur to them that there really exist thousands and ten thousands of their own species, in different parts of this peopled earth, infinitely more detestable than the Yahoos. In whatever odious light their form has been portrayed, can it excite higher disgust than that of the Hottentot, decorated with guts, which are used for food when in a state of putrefaction; and who loads

* It is said queen Caroline had the curiosity to see this wild man, but was so shocked at the appearance he made, that she ordered him immediately out of her presence. S.



Digitized by Google

his head with a mixture of stinking grease and soot, to make a secure lodgement for swarms of the most filthy vermin? or than those savages, who slash, mangle, and deform, with a variety of horrid figures, the *human face divine*, in order to strike a greater terrour into their enemies? Are there any actions attributed to the miserable Yahoo so diabolical as are constantly practised in some of these savage nations, by exposing their children, murdering their parents in their old age, and roasting and eating their captives taken in war, with many other abominations? In all which instances we see, that human reason, in its state of depravity, is productive of infinitely worse consequences, than can proceed from a total deprivation of it. This lesson Gulliver has taken care to inculcate, where his master Houyhnhnm, after having received an account from him of the manners and customs of the Europeans, makes the following observation: "That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty, might be worse than brutality itself."

"It may be said that the instances of depravity above quoted, are only to be found among savages, whose minds, unenlightened by knowledge, are governed wholly by their brutal appetites and passions; and that a true picture of human nature is only to be taken from the more civilized states. Let us see, therefore, whether in our own dear country, while we boast so much of the extraordinary lights drawn from philosophy,

Digitized by Google

philosophy, and the divine illumination of the Gospel, we do not abound in crimes more numerous, and more fatal to society, even than those of savages. Of these Swift has given us a long muster-roll, where he describes the happy life he led among the Houyhnhnms, free from the odious scenes of vice in his own country, in the following passage: "I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire; here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attornies, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, spleneticks, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosoes: no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice by seducement or example; no dungeons, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanicks; no pride, vanity, or affection; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges or dancing-masters."



Digitized by Google

In another place, after having brought the whole state of affairs in England before the judgment seat of the king of Brobdingnag, he thus relates the sentiments of that wise and virtuous monarch on the occasion: "He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce. His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: 'My little friend *Grildrig*, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl on the surface of the earth."

Is it not strange, that so bold a satire on human nature, in its actual state of existence, should excite no resentment in mankind, and that they should so readily take the alarm at an imaginary representation of it? But in the former case men are ready enough to see and allow all manner of vices and bad qualities of the mind in others, though they are so blinded by self-love as not to find the resemblance to themselves; but when their bodily form, common to all men, is vilified and debased, each individual brings the

Digitized by Google

the attack home to himself; his self-love takes fire at the view, and kindles his indignation against the author, as an enemy to the whole human species. That this opinion, however ill founded, became so general, is easily to be accounted for, as taking its rise from two of the most prevailing passions in human nature, pride and envy. The former called *the universal passion* by Dr. Young; and the latter partaking of its nature, as springing from the same root. Their pride instantly took fire upon seeing that part of their frame, whereof in general men are most vain, represented in so odious a light; and envy seized the occasion of making so heavy a charge as that of misanthropy, against a man of such uncommon talents. This broke forth chiefly among authors, jealous of that high degree of fame obtained by the superiority of his genius; and as he was unassailable on that side, they thought to bring him down more on a level with themselves, by attributing some of the finest exertions of that genius to a malevolent disposition: and as the prejudices of mankind were of their side, they cheaply purchased credit to themselves, from appearing champions for the dignity of human nature.

Yet there were not wanting others of a clearer discernment, and a more liberal turn of mind, who saw this whole affair in its true light. Among these the benevolent and judicious Dr. Hawkesworth, steps forth as an advocate for Swift, and decidedly gives judgment in his favour. In one of his notes on Gulliver, he says, "Whoever is disgusted with this picture of a *Yahoo*, would do well to reflect, that it becomes his own in exact proportion as he deviates from virtue; for virtue is the perfection of reason; the

Digitized by Google

the appetites of those abandoned to vice, are not less brutal and sordid than those of a Yahoo, nor is their life a state of less abject servility." And in another of his comments upon a passage wherein Swift had given a lively and true description of the horrours of war, stripped of all the glare and false colouring thrown over it by vain glory and ambition, he explains, justifies, and applauds the author's motive, for exhibiting here, as well as in all other parts of this admirable work, such true pictures of the vicious practices and habits of mankind, however sanctified by custom, or embellished by fashion. His words are these, " It would perhaps be impossible, by the most laboured arguments, or forcible eloquence, to show the absurd injustice and horrid cruelty of war, so effectually, as by this simple exhibition of them in a new light: with war, including every species of iniquity, and every art of destruction, we become familiar by degrees, under specious terms; which are seldom examined, because they are learned at an age in which the mind receives and retains whatever is imprest on it. Thus it happens, that when one man murders another to gratify his lust, we shudder at it; but when one man murders a million to gratify his vanity, we approve and admire, we envy and applaud. If, when this and the preceding pages are read, we discover with astonishment, that when the same events have occurred in history, we felt no emotion, and acquiesced in wars which we could not but know to have been commenced for such causes, and carried on by such means; let not him be censured for too much debasing his species, who has contributed to their felicity and preservation, by stripping off the veil of custom and prejudice, and holding

Digitized by Google

ing up, in their native deformity, the vices by which they become wretched, and the arts by which they are destroyed."

Such is the construction which will be put by all men of candour, taste, and judgment, upon these, and all other passages in Swift of a similiar kind. But if there are still any who will persist in finding out their own resemblance in the Yahoo, in the name of God, if the cap fits, let them wear it, and rail on. I shall only take my leave of them with an old Latin sentence, *Qui capit, ille facit.*

There is another writer, at present of gigantick fame in these days of little men, who has pretended to scratch out a life of Swift, but so miserably executed as only to reflect back on himself that disgrace, which he meant to throw upon the character of the Dean. I promised in the preface to make some strictures on this work, which I shall now perform. At his setting out, Dr. Johnson shows, which is scarcely credible, that he held this extraordinary man in very little estimation, and that he was not qualified to give any account of him with the least degree of accuracy. He begins his relation thus: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667: according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without,

Digitized by Google

without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it."

Here we see how utterly careless he was about a fact of the greatest notoriety, and established by the most authentick proofs. "According to an account *said* to be written by himself," &c. Pray mark that expression. Had he taken the trouble to inform himself, he would have found that this account *said* to be written, is really in the Dean's own handwriting, and lodged by his relation Deane Swift in the library of Dublin college, an account of which he has published in his "Essay on the Life of Swift." In the 21st Section of these Memoirs, the Dean says, speaking of himself, "*He was born in Dublin,* on St. Andrew's day." In opposition to this account given by himself; Dr. Johnson quotes a report from a second hand, communicated to him from Pope through Spence: *During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined.*" On the contrary, I say that the place of his birth never admitted of any doubt, by those who were desirous of information on that head*; and if the Doctor had ever looked into his correspondence, he would have found that he acknowledged it in several of his letters. "*He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman* †." In the same place where he found that he

* While he lived, he was so far from seriously denying or concealing his being a native of Ireland, that he often mentioned and even pointed out the house in which he was born; and had the register book of St. Warburgh's church searched, for an account of his baptism; but that entry and many others were omitted through the carelessness of the then vestry clerk. N.

† The Dean has frequently been heard to say, "I am not of this vile country: I am an Englishman;" meaning that the being would

Digitized by Google

would occasionally call himself an Englishman, he might have seen the reason of his doing so; which was, that "though dropped in Ireland, as he himself expresses it, in a letter to Lord Oxford, he was descended from English progenitors on both sides. But the doctor seems to have thrown this matter into a state of doubt, merely to introduce the last sentence, in order to insinuate the contemptible idea he had of Swift, where he says, "The question may, *without much regret*, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it." Which in plain English would run thus—It is of very little moment where the fellow was born. As he has been very exact in stating the places of their birth in all the other Lives of his Poets, even those of the lower class, his marked indifference here is the more striking. But it will be said—Is there any man upon earth that can have a contemptible idea of Swift? Yes—such is the high notion which the Doctor entertains of his own superiority, that he always treated his name with contempt. His common expression in talking of him, was, that "Swift was a very shallow fellow."

born in Ireland could be no opprobrium to any person of English extraction as he was. For, about the time of his birth, and indeed before, many of the best families there were either English, or were descended from English ancestors who had settled in that kingdom after the final reduction thereof about the end of queen Elizabeth's reign. He loved Ireland, and often spoke with pleasure of its excellent soil, fine climate, harbours, and many other natural advantages; yet he hated the old inhabitants, on account of their nastiness, and the laziness of their dispostions. Agreeable to which notion, he styled Ireland in his private conversation, *optima terra, pessima gens*. N.

Upon



Digitized by Google

Upon that passage in Swift's Life, where it is related that in the early part of it, he generally travelled on foot, and lay at waggoners' inns, he has the following comment. "This practice lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life though all its varieties; and others perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling." How little ground there was for such a charge against Swift, has been amply shown; but that it should be authorised here, by the same writer, who in another place says,—"With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered *that he was never rich*,"—can be imputed only to a spirit of detraction.

On another occasion he relates the following anecdote: *Of his humour*, a story told by Pope may afford a specimen, thus related by Spence.

Doctor Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature—'Tis so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Heyday, gentlemen (says the Doctor) what's the meaning of this visit! How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?" "Because we would rather see you than any of them." "Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose."—"No, Doctor, we have supped already."—"Supped already, that's impossible! why it is not eight

Digitized by Google

eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange! but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket."—"No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you."—"But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings.—two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

In all this account it is evident that Swift saw into his friends motive for not supping with him, which was the fear of putting him to expense. Their pretending to have supped at so unusual an hour, and afterward refusing a glass of wine, even supposing they had supped, were full proofs of this. It was clear therefore to him that they had given credit to the common report of his covetousness; and in order to show that he was above such sordid thrift, and to punish them for supposing it, by this practical rebuke, he made them undergo the shame of putting into their pockets, what would otherwise have been spent in good fellowship. This was evidently Swift's view, though it does not seem to have occurred

Digitized by Google

curred to Dr. Johnson, who relates it only as an instance of his odd humour.

In his account of the "Tale of a Tub," the Doctor says, "That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence." Surely the Doctor has never seen the letters that passed between the Dean and Ben. Tooke, published in this collection of his Works*; wherein he not only acknowledges himself the author, but gives directions about the publication of another edition, with an Apology prefixed to it.

With regard to The Battle of the Books, he has received the whole charge of plagiarism against Swift, in the following passage. "The Battle of the Books is so like the *Combat des Livres*, which the same question concerning the Ancients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts without communication, is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned."

This charge was made first made against Swift by Wotton, in the following words: "I have been assured, that the Battle in St. James's Library, is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." Thus answered by Swift: In which passage there are two clauses observable: *I have been assured*; and, *if I misremember not*. I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy

* See them in vol. XX. N.

criticks.

Digitized by Google

critick. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before: and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake, in the title: but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint, giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else."

Is it possible to conceive that Swift would have made so bold an appeal, if he were not conscious of the truth of what he advanced, when he might have been so easily confuted? Or that Wotton would not have seized the opportunity, if he had it in his power, of supporting his charge, to the utter disgrace of his adversary? But, since neither he, nor any one else, has ever made the attempt, is it not astonishing that the calumny

Digitized by Google

calumny should still remain? This is a striking instance of that levelling principle in mankind, which swallows with avidity any slanders propagated to the disadvantage of exalted characters; for though I have never yet met with any mortal who had seen such a book, yet I have heard from the mouths of hundreds "that Swift's battle of the Books was taken from a French book, called *Combat des Livres*."

Now though this might be expected from the bulk of mankind, on account of the principle above mentioned, what shall we say when we find a professed biographer, bound by every principle of justice and humanity to guard the memory of the dead against false aspersions, become himself a *particeps criminis*, by giving his sanction to a charge which in the very face of it carries not the least air of truth? This charge is made by an avowed enemy, not from his own knowledge, but from hearsay; and that too in the most guarded manner; notwithstanding which suspicious circumstances, Dr. Johnson assumes it as a truth, and forms his deductions from it accordingly. The manner in which he invalidates the answer to it, is most curious, and well worthy of the reader's observation; where he says,—"That the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts, without communication, [still you see taking the fact for granted] is not, in my opinion, balanced by the *anonymous* protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned." Now the only reason here assigned for not giving due credit to this protestation, is, that it is *anonymous*; and in that case we are never to give credit to any of Swift's publications, as they were all anonymous, except his letter to the earl of Oxford. But there is no one who has

Digitized by Google

has the least knowledge of style, that is not as sure that the Apology was written by Swift, as if he saw it in his own hand-writing. Or if there were any doubt, his letter to Tooke proves it beyond all contradiction. This is such an instance of gross prejudice, and want of candour, as should make the reader cautious how he gives any credit to the many other misrepresentations of this great man's character, dispersed throughout the work.

In speaking of Swift's political writings, he says, "But he was now emerging into political controversy; for the same year produced the *Examiner*, of which Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage, &c. but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will be found equal to those *by which Addison opposed him.*"

Here he has shown a most shameful ignorance of his subject, by saying that Swift was opposed by Addison; for had he only turned to the books, he would have found that Addison's last Whig Examiner, was published October 12, 1710; and Swift's first Examiner on the 10th of the following November*. So that all this boasted superiority of Addison over Swift in this supposed contest, falls to the ground; and I believe the doctor will find it hard to persuade the world, that either Addison or any man that ever lived, was superiour to Swift in wit.

On another shining part of Swift's character, he makes the following remark. "His disinterestedness has been likewise mentioned, &c. He refused, in-

* Dr. Johnson, who prided himself *on accuracy in dates*, was here misled by trusting to hearsay. N.

indeed

Digitized by Google

deed, fifty pounds from lord Oxford, but he accepted afterward a draught of a thousand upon the exchequer, which was intercepted by the queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan.*" In what an invidious light has he placed this transaction! But this is a common artifice of malice, to relate bare facts, without any of the concomitant circumstances, which may place those facts in a very different point of view. As they are stated here, the inference to be drawn, is, that though Swift rejected the offer of so paltry a sum as that of fifty pounds, he was not proof against so large a bribe as that of a thousand; and this naturally follows from omitting the circumstances of time and occasion. When lord Oxford presented him with a bill for fifty pounds, it was at an early period of their acquaintance, when Swift engaged to employ his pen in behalf of the measures of that ministry; and was to be considered only as an earnest of future gratifications of the same kind, according to his future merits. We have seen with what indignation he rejected this intended favour, and what resentment he showed at his being thus put on the footing of a hireling writer. He afterward continued his services for near three years without receiving or soliciting any reward; and when at last the deanery of St. Patrick's was given him, he told lord Oxford "that he ought to have been put into the clear possession of it, and not be obliged to borrow money, as he hated of all things to be in debt, for the necessary expences attending his induction to it. His claim was the stronger on the ministry for this, as he was not at all indebted to them for his preferment, which he owed entirely to the friendship of the duke of Ormond. I believe all

Digitized by Google

all the world will allow, that, had he received it, this would have been but a poor reward for all his long and important services; and had he pushed it, there can be no doubt but that it would have been obtained. But finding his first hint neglected by lord Oxford, he scorned to press it any farther; and the order on the exchequer was made out without his participation, as has been shewn before, under the short administration of lord Bolingbroke. The latter part of the sentence—"and which he resigned, as he says himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan*,"—is written in the same spirit with the rest: for it is evident from the whole turn of the letter which contains this passage, that Swift used this phrase jocosely, which the Doctor chooses to take in a serious light, and translate literally. It was impossible indeed that he could have the least solicitude about it at the time this letter was writ, in the year 1726, fourteen years after he had received the order, which he never thought of presenting. For though it is highly probable, from the great favour which he then stood in with the princess, and the civil reception he met with even at St. James's, that upon proper application he might have been paid the demand, to which he had an equitable right; yet he scorned to owe any obligation to a minister, of whose measures he so entirely disapproved. And that this was his way of thinking is fully proved by a letter written to Dr. Sheridan about the same time, where he says, "Tell the archdeacon that I never asked for my thousand pound, which he heard I have got; although I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her, but I bid her tell Walpole I scorned to ask him for it."

But of all the charges brought against Swift, there



Digitized by Google

is one of the most malignant nature, which has never even been hinted at by any other writer; and is utterly unsupported by any evidence. It is contained in the following passage: "Swift was popular awhile by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accomptant; but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions with the poor; the day was often broken, and the loan was not repaid. This might have been easily foreseen; but for this Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity? The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor."

Now I do assert, from my own knowledge, that there is not one syllable of truth in this whole account, from the beginning to the end. I have before shown what wise precautions Swift took to prevent any diminution of this fund; which were so effectual, that it held out entire to the last, and the circulation of it continued unimpaired, till he was deprived of his understanding; as numbers of families, who now live in credit, and who originally owed their establishment to what was borrowed from that fund, can attest. From his first setting out in this passage, we

Digitized by Google

are see how willing the Doctor was to depreciate this noble charity, where he says—"He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds." Some hundreds, may mean two or three hundred; had he consulted any of his Memoir writers, he would have found that the sum was five hundred pounds; and that it was lent out, not in small sums from five shillings to five pounds, but from five pounds to ten. And though the Doctor has guarded his paltry sum of five shillings, with an—*I think*—what apology can be made for conjecture, where certainty was so easily to be obtained? As to the cruelty he is charged with to his poor debtors, whatever report of that sort may have been raised in London, it certainly never was heard of in Dublin; but when he adds, that, on this account, "The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous"—one cannot help being astonished at so confident an assertion, against a fact of such publick notoriety: for even the worst maligners of the Dean allow, that no man ever possessed the love of the populace to so high a degree; and it is well known in Dublin, that no part of his conduct ever gained him so much popularity, as this well devised, well managed charity, If the Doctor had any authority for this gross misrepresentation, he ought to have produced it; otherwise the scandal may be brought home to himself—the scandal not only of attempting to deprive Swift of the merit of such a noble institution, but by such misrepresentation, to place his character in a most odious light.

But of all the instances that occur throughout this work, of the strong bias in the Doctor's mind, to place every thing with regard to Swift in the worst



Digitized by Google

light, no one is more remarkable than the account he gives of the forged letters sent to the queen in the Dean's name, to be found in the following passage; where speaking of the queen he says—" I know not whether she had not, in her turn, some reason for complaint. A letter was sent her, not so much entreating, as requiring her patronage of Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was then begging subscriptions for her poems. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments*; but it was not written in his hand, and had some little improprieties. When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation; but never denied it: he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing."

In answer to which, I am tempted to lay before the reader Swift's defence of himself, though set down in a former place; lest it might have escaped his observation. To a letter from his friend Pope, enclosing one of those forged ones, he makes the following reply: " As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness; and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree, as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have such a zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before

Digitized by Google

before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollendraper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was, to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendant, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable.—If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c.

And in his letter to Mrs. Howard upon the same subject, he thus expresses himself: "I find, from several instances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable."

Now, I appeal to the reader whether it was possible for a man to have made a stronger defence against such a charge. Stronger indeed than was at all necessary on the occasion, as it was soon discovered to be a trick of some enemy to render him ridiculous; and lose all credit at court; as we find by an answer to the above

Digitized by Google

above letter from lady Suffolk, in which she rallies the Dean with great sprightliness. "Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed, I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish Drapier have found no friend, but the silly woman and the courtier..... Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing these letters."

This impotent attack upon the Dean, we find, was stifled in its birth. What shall we say then to the attempt made by Dr. Johnson to revive it at this distance of time, in order to level him with the lowest of mankind, by three gross imputations, each of which is utterly incompatible with the whole of his character? And those are, no less than folly, falsehood, and cowardice. Folly in the extreme, in supposing him to write such letters, as could only reflect disgrace on himself, without any assignable motive for his doing so: falsehood of the worst kind, as prevarication is worse than lying; and cowardice in not daring to own what he had done. Who is there that knows any thing of Swift, his utter abhorrence of every species of falsehood; his courage to speak the truth in the face of majesty, with the same freedom as before the meanest subject; but must be shocked at the audacity of the man, who dared to say of him—"He shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing?"

The only reasons assigned by the Doctor for his believing that the letters were really written by Swift, are these:

Digitized by Google

1st.

1st. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments.* Now I will appeal to any one of taste acquainted with Swift's style, whether there ever was a more clumsy imitation attempted, both with regard to thoughts and expression. It bears indeed as little resemblance to his, as one of Overton's wooden prints, to the copper-plate of Hogarth.

2d. "When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation, *but never denied it.*" That is to say, because Swift does not in express terms say, "I did not write those letters,"—therefore he does not deny it. But his indignation at so base a charge was too great to answer it only by a simple denial; to his friend Pope he refutes it by such forcible arguments, as showed the impossibility of his being capable of such an egregious piece of folly, unless, as he expresses it, he were fit for Bedlam. "To the queen indeed (as he nobly says) I scorn to defend myself; grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense."

While the Doctor was maliciously endeavouring to fix the stain of a base prevarication on Swift, he did not foresee that the charge—

> Would, like a devilish engine, back recoil
> Upon himself. MILTON.

For, as it is a received opinion in the world, that men judge of others by themselves, there is no one who sees so vile an imputation thrown on so exalted a character, upon such bad grounds, but will suppose

the

Digitized by Google

the Doctor capable of acting in that manner himself, under similar circumstances *.

It were a tedious business to follow the Doctor through many other passages equally reprehensible; but by those which I have already exposed, I have shown how little credit is to be given to the rest. All candid readers of the other Lives written by this biographer, will see how enviously he has endeavoured to depreciate the characters, or works, of men of the greatest genius, and to exalt others of little fame. Of this he has given a remarkable instance in the very next Life to that of Swift, which may be considered as an antidote to his poison. What will posterity say, when they see the Life of *Savage* extended to double the number of pages, occupied by that of Swift? When they shall find the writings of the one, not a line of which will probably descend to them, highly extolled; and the works of the immortal Swift, either condemned, or slightly praised? When they shall see every art used to palliate the actions of one of the worst of men †, and place his character in the most favourable light; and all the ingenuity of malice exerted to misrepresent the conduct, and vilify the character of one of the best? But whatever pains the Doctor may have taken in drawing all these portraits of our Poets, they will never be considered as like-

* Much as we may applaud the honest warmth with which Mr. Sheridan here vindicates the insulted Dean; few men will join him in this severe condemnation of the grave Philologist, whose sturdy morality would bear the strictest investigation. N.

† Much must be allowed for the period of life in which Dr. Johnson wrote the Memoirs of Savage, and the intimacy of friendship in which they had lived. N.

nesses;

Digitized by Google

nesses *; except his own, which he has unwarily handed down to future ages, in such strong features, that the resemblance never can be doubted.

In opposition to all the maligners of Swift, most of whom were such—

*As neither knew his faculties or person*—SHAKS.

I shall oppose the testimony of two men, who were of his intimate acquaintance for more than twenty years, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Stopford. The first concludes his answer to lord Orrery in the following manner.

"My lord, when you consider Swift's singular, peculiar, and most variegated vein of wit, always intended rightly, although not always rightly directed; delightful in many instances, and salutary even where it is most offensive; when you consider his strict truth, his fortitude in resisting oppression and arbitrary power; his fidelity in friendship; his sincere love and zeal for religion; his uprightness in making right resolutions, and his steady adherence to them: his care of his church, its choir, its economy, and its income; his attention to all those that preached in his cathedral, in order to their amendment in pronunciation and style; as also his remarkable attention to the interest of his successors, preferably to his own present emoluments; his invincible patriotism, even to a country which he did not love; his very various, welldevised, welljudged, and extensive charities, throughout his life; and his whole fortune conveyed to the same Christian purposes at his

* Here again we shall not be singular, in entering a protest against this very positive assertion. N.

death;

Digitized by Google

death; charities, from which he could enjoy no honour, advantages, or satisfaction of any kind, in this world.

"When you consider his ironical and humorous, as well as his serious schemes for the promotion of true religion and virtue; his success in soliciting for the first fruits and twentieths, to the unspeakable benefit of the established church of Ireland; and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving occasion to the building of fifty new churches in London.

"All this considered, the character of his life will appear like that of his writings, they will both bear to be reconsidered, and reexamined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellencies, upon every examination.

"They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes, to cloud, or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude.—No man ever deserved better of any country, than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend: a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials, and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune. He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to *Ireland*."

The other was written in Latin, by Dr. Stopford, bishop of Cloyne; a man inferiour to none of his time in learning, benevolence, and piety; adorned with all the qualities that constitute the scholar, the



Digitized by Google

gentleman, and the Christian. Swift, on an early acquaintance, soon distinguished so excellent a character, took him into his confidence, became his patron, and never ceased his good offices till, from a junior fellow of the college, he raised him to that high rank, so suited to his merit. The good bishop, who always acknowledged that he owed every step of his preferment entirely to Swift, paid the following tribute to the memory of his deceased friend and benefactor.

" MEMORIÆ JONATH. SWIFT, S.

" QUEM vivum ex animo coluit, amico liceat mortuum deflere, atque hoc qualicunque fungi munere.

" A. C. 1745 Octobris die 19^no^ obiit JONATHAN SWIFT Decanus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Sancti Patricii Dubliniensis; vixit annos septuaginta septem, decem menses, 19 dies.

" Vir ultra quam homini concessum videtur, maximis ornatus virtutibus. Vires ingenii mirandæ potius, quam a quoquam exoptandæ; quas exercuit præcipuè in politicis & poetica.

" Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu & largitione adeo fædatam ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus plorabat.

" Patriæ amore flagrans sortem Hiberniæ, quoties deflevit! quoties laboranti subvenit! Testis epistolæ illæ nunquam interituræ, quibus, insulam miserè labantem, jamque juga ahenea subeuntem, erexit, confirmavit;

Digitized by Google

confirmavit; impiis inimicorum conatibus fortiter infractis, prostratis.

" Privatam si inspicias vitam, cum illo gratias, lepores, sales interiisse dicas; quibus suavissimè sermones conditi, summo tamen cum decore, utpote cui unicè propositum, quod verum, quod decens, amicis & civibus suis assiduè commendare.

" Nec levior flagitiorum vindex, fraudes, ambitionem, avaritiam, dictis acerrimè laceravit, exemplo feliciter oppressit.

" Erga bonos comis, liberalis, pius, commodis amicorum anxiè inserviens; pro pauperibus semper sollicitus; quorum egestati in hac urbe mirè consuluit, pecuniâ mutuo datâ infimis artificum, in ratâ, eâque exigua portione per septimanas rependenda, unde multi paupertati jam succumbentes, sese paulatim expedierunt.

" Idem, abstinentiæ exemplar antiquum, parcè atque duriter rem familiarem administravit; quasque sibi inutiles spernebat opes, sedulo tamen comparatas, domui hospitali condendæ, moriens magnificè legavit: ubi idiotæ & lunatici, collati muneris ignari, piè semper tractarentur.

" Hic vir, tantus, talisque, qui vividis ingenii viribus longè genus humanum superabat, a civibus ingratis diu neglectus, magnatum invidiam sæpius, gratiam vix unquam expertus, triginta duos annos latuit in Hiberniâ, nullo ultra decanatum insignitus titulo; quod tamen illi pro votis accidisse inter amicos constat, quippe cui semper in ore erat; non tam referre, quo genere honorum sis ornatus, quam a quibus & inter quos.

" Tandem senio, atque intolerandis capitis doloribus confectus, mente, memoria, sensu paulatim deficientibus, jamque penitus extinctis, per quatuor postremos

Digitized by Google

postremos vitæ annos, inter mœrentes amicos mortuus vixit; quem tamen omni laude dignissimum ritè consecrant divina ingenii lumina."

I shall close my account of this extraordinary man with laying open one leading part of his character, which may serve as a clew to the whole. He was perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived. No selfish motive ever influenced any part of his conduct. He loved virtue for its own sake, and was content it should be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of pursuit in other men, though all thrown in his way, he utterly despised, satisfied with having deserved them. The same principle operated equally on the author, as on the man; as he never put his name to his works, nor had any solicitude about them, after they had once made their appearance in the world. The last act of his life showed how far he made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune; leaving it for the support of idiots and lunaticks, beings that could never know their benefactor.

Upon the whole when we consider his character as a man, perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and such exalted virtues; and as an author, possessed of such uncommon talents, such an original vein of humour, such an inexhaustible fund of wit, joined to so clear and solid an understanding; when we behold these two characters united in one and the same person; perhaps it will not be thought too bold an assertion, to say, that his parallel is not to be found either in the history of ancient or modern times.

1784. T. S.

PEDIGREE

Digitized by Google

# PEDIGREE OF THE YOUNGER BRANCH OF THE SWIFTS OF YORKSHIRE.

ARMS: *Or, a chevron nebulé, Argent and Azure, between three bucks in full course, Vert.*

Thomas Swift, collated to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Canterbury, 1569; died June 12, 1592: aged 57. — Margaret, who (with nine of her children) was buried in the Cathedral church-yard.

William Swift, married Oct. 5, 1592, at Kingston, in Kent; in that year succeeded to his father's rectory; in 1602, was rector of Harbledown; and died Oct. 24, 1634. — Mary, an heiress of the house of Philpott; died March 5, 1626, aged 58.

Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, and also of Bridstow, both in Herefordshire; died 1658. — Elizabeth Dryden.

Catharine — Thomas Witherde, gent.

Margaret — Henry Atkinson, apothecary and citizen of London.

1 Godwin Swift, a student of Gray's-Inn. — Four wives; the last of them living a widow, in 1711.

- Willoughby Swift merchant at Lisbon.
- Deane. Thirteen other sons and three daughters.

2. Thomas, who died young. — The eldest daughter of sir W. Davenant.

- Thomas, rector of Puttenham, in Surrey; died 1752, in his 87th year.

Jonathan Swift, died in May, 1667. — Abigail Erick, of Leicester, died April 27, 1710.

- 1 Jane, born in 1666.
- 2 JONATHAN SWIFT, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's; born Nov. 30, 1667; died Oct. 19, 1745.

Dryden, William, } died without issue. Willoughby;— Three other sons. Four daughters.

Adam — .....

- Anne — .. Perry.
- Another daughter.

Digitized by Google

APPENDIX

# APPENDIX.

## ANECDOTES

OF THE

# FAMILY OF SWIFT.

### A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

[The original Manuscript in his own hand is lodged in the University Library of Dublin.]

THE family of the SWIFTS * was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of Cavaliero *Swift*, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by king James or king Charles the First, with the title of baron *Carlingford* †, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland has received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to *Robert Fielding*, esquire, commonly called *Handsome Fielding*; she brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children: the earl of *Eglington* married another coheiress of the same family, as he has often told me.

* See the annexed Pedigree. N.

† *Barnam Swift*, esq. was created viscount (not baron) of Carlingford, by king Charles I. March 20, 1627, and by his death in 1642, S. P. the title became extinct. N.

Another

Digitized by Google

Another of the same family was sir *Edward Swift*, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greatest part settled in Ireland, the founder was *William Swift*, prebendary of Canterbury *, towards the last years of queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of king James the First. He was a divine of some distinction: there is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value †.

This William married the heiress of *Philpot*, I suppose a Yorkshire ‡ gentleman, by whom he got a very considerable estate, which however she kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it has been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son *Thomas*, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great grandson.

* William Swift was not prebendary of Canterbury, but rector of St. Andrew's in that city; in which preferment he succeeded his father in 1592. N.

† It was preached Jan. 25, 1621, at St. George's Canterbury, at the funeral of Sir Thomas Wilson, in Rom. viii. 18; and is written much in the style and manner of that age. D. S.

‡ More probably of Kent. D. S.

His

Digitized by Google

His original picture* is now in the hands of *Godwin Swift* of Dublin, esq. his great grandson, as well as that of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance†; whose arms of an heiress are joined with his own; and by the last he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastick; for in these he gives as his device, a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente*.

There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the said William commonly made use of, and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift above-mentioned.

His eldest son *Thomas* seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross: he had likewise another church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much toward a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to king Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some

* Drawn in 1603, æt. 57; his wife's in the same year æt. 54. D. S.

† These pictures are still preserved in the family. N.



Digitized by Google

historians of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads six-and-thirty times, some say above fifty. He engaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the king, where being asked by the governor, who knew him well, "what he could do for his majesty?" Mr. Swift said, "he would give the king his coat," and stripping it off presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, "then take my waistcoat:" he bid the governor weigh it in his hand, who ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time, being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three* spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward; he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

* It should be four. S.

His

Digitized by Google

His sons, whereof four were settled in Ireland (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties; and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superiour zeal for the king's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint, who scrupled not, however, to conform upon the restoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution: I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The lord treasurer Oxford told the Dean, that he had among his father's (sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift writ in those times, which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was treasurer, and the queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland, and the earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age: his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died about two years before the return of king Charles the Second, who by the recommendation of some



Digitized by Google

prelates had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: but Mr Swift's merit died with himself.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women: his eldest son *Godwin Swift*, of the Inner Temple*, esq. (so styled by Guillim the herald; in whose book the family is described at large) was I think called to the bar before the restoration. He married a relation of the old marchioness of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old duke of Ormond made him his attorney general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was coheiress to admiral *Deane*, who was one of the regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps *a little too* * dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.

The second son of Mr. *Thomas Swift* was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir *William d'Avenant*, but died young, and left only one son, who was also called *Thomas*, and is now rector of Putenham in Surrey. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

* Of Grays Inn, not of the Inner Temple: D. S.

+ These three words were interlined in the original, some time after it was first written, and were designed by the Doctor to be a sneer upon the memory of his uncle. D. S.

Digitized by Google

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. *Dryden* Swift, called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except *Jonathan*, who beside a daughter left one son, born seven months after his father's death; of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D. D. and D. of St. P———, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift above-mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage, he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

He married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterward employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen *.

This

* The family of *Erick*, which has produced many eminent men, is still represented by two respectable branches, the *Hcyricks* of Leicester town, and the *Herricks* of Beaumanor. Of both these branches, distinct pedigrees and many curious historical anecdotes

Digitized by Google

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly *, before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual: for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was than extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was five years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where by the ill treatment of his nearest rela-

anecdotes are given in the "History of Leicestershire," vol. II. p. 615; vol. III. p. 148. N.

* He died at about the age of 28. N.

tions

Digitized by Google

tions, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academick studies: for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry: so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little to his credit, which is called in that college, *speciali gratiâ*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham in Surrey, where he continued for about two years: for he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health: but growing worse, he soon went back to sir William Temple; with whom growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that gentleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at

Digitized by Google

at Nimeguen. The king soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surrey, of about 100l. a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the house of commons for trennial parliaments; against which, the king who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the earl of Portland, that king Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park, by his majesty's orders, to have sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the king against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of the matter in writing, to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl to whom he was referred by his majesty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of king Charles the First was not owing to his passing the trennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being, without the consent of the house. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the earl of Portland; but all in vain;

Digitized by Google

vain; for the king, by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill*. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obliges himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit.*

Mr. Swift lived with him (sir William Temple) some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support, and sir William Temple then being master of the rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120l. a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a

* This happened in the year 1693, when the bill for triennial parliaments was rejected, not by the king, but by the house of commons. That bill was intituled, "An Act for the frequent calling and meeting of parliament:" it was passed by the lords, Dec. 8, 1693; and rejected by the lower house, Dec. 22. The mistake seems to have arisen from, "An Act touching free and impartial proceedings in parliament;" which passed the commons, Dec. 4, 1693; was agreed to by the lords, Jan. 5; and the royal assent withheld, in the usual phrase of Le Roy s'avisera, Jan. 25; yet Bp. Burnet has said, this latter bill was "rejected by the lords." N.

maintenance,

Digitized by Google

maintenance, he was recommended to the lord Capel, then lord deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north, worth about 100l. a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who beside a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to king William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The earl of Romney*, who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the lords justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one, who only aimed at church preferments;

* Swift has here given us an idea of lord Romney's character in a few bitter words; but some allowance is, in candour, to be made for the disordered spleen of the writer, on a most provoking occasion. N.

that

Digitized by Google

that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery; and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

---

*Certificate of Dr. Swift's Degree; taken at Dublin, and sent to Oxford*.*

"Omnibus quorum interest salutem. Nos præpositus sociique seniores Collegii Sacro-sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin, testamur Jonathan Swift, die decimo quinto Februarii 1685, gradum baccalaureatûs in artibus suscepisse, præstito prius fidelitatis erga regiam majestatem juramento. Quod de predicto testimonium, subscriptis singulorum nominibus et collegii sigillo quo in hisce utimur, confirmandum curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii 1692.

*Robert Huntington*, Præpos. L. S.
*St. George Ashe.*
*Richard Reader.*
*George Brown.*
*Benjamin Scroggs.*

* Extracted from the congregation book by the Rev. Mr. Francis Wise, B. D. keeper of the archives of the university of Oxford and F. S. A. communicated by Richard Rawlinson, LL. D. and F. R. et Ant. S. V. P.

Quibus

Digitized by Google

Quibus in venerabiti congregatione magistrorum regentium 14 die Junii 1692, habitâ publicatis Jonathan Swift (gratiâ prius petitâ et concessâ) ad eundem gradum, statum, et dignitatem, admissus fuit apud Oxonienses, quibus insignitus erat apud suos Dublinienses.

10 Nov. 1753.

Vera copia, *Jonathan Swift*, M. A.
*Ric. Rawlinson.* *Hart Hall, July* 5, 1692.

---

*Lib. Convocat. ab anno* 1683 *ad ann.* 1693.

4 Julii 1692. Whereas Thomas Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts of the university of Dublin and now of Baliol, has been incorporated and admitted to the same degree in the university, since which time he hath performed all the exercises required by the statutes for the taking the degree of Master of Arts, saving only that of determining in Lent, which he humbly prays may by the favour of the University be dispensed with, in regard the exercise cannot be done at this time of the year, and it will be of some concern to him to be admitted to be a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts this term; And whereas Jonathan Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts in the university of Dublin, and now of Hart Hall, being under the same circumstances, and petitioning for the same favour: We, according to the power of the Chancellor delegated to us in that behalf, do hereby give our consent, that both their requests be communicated to the Heads of Houses,



Digitized by Google

and proposed in Convocation. Given under our hands and seals the [fourth day] of July 1692.

Jonathan Edwards, Vicecanc.
Fitzherbert Adams.
Ra. Bathurst.

## DR. SWIFT'S WILL.

IN the name of GOD, *Amen.* I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in divinity, and Dean of the cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

*Imprimis.* I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night, and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded *.

*Item:* I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever (except such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the

* See the epitaph in vol. I.

survivors

Digitized by Google

survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable, or any terms, for years longer than thirty-one: and I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley, of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid, to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land situate near Dr. Steevens's hospital, or if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunaticks as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain: and I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the



Digitized by Google

endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my farther will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunaticks, as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunaticks cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency: but, that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunaticks, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income, or revenue thereof. And, I farther desire that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the lord primate, the lord high chancellor, the lord archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christchurch, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one,

Digitized by Google

thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And, I farther desire until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivor or survivors of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And, I make it my request to my said executors, that they may in convenient time, apply to his majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other

Digitized by Google

other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And, when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey, to the use of such corporation, in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above-mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation, to be hereby incorporated, shall out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

*Item:* Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds sterling: I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in



Digitized by Google

in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed jews, atheists, and infidels.

*Item:* Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery-house, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land in Deanery lane, alias Mitre alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houses or more lately built; I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiseshell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven which I now possess.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing desk, bestowed to me by my lady Worsley, my square tortoiseshell snuff box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now countess of Oxford, and



Digitized by Google the

the seal with a pegasus, given to me by the countess of Granville.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law books as the honourable Mr. Justice Lyndsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay shall judge proper for him.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings (except those of the deanery tithes, which are now let to the rev. Doctor Wilson) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books, as Doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mrs. Ann Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the leases of two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made



her

Digitized by Google

her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

*Item:* I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope of Twickenham, esq. my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

*Item:* I leave to Edward now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of her kingdoms.

*Item:* I leave to the reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass, my picture of king Charles the First, drawn by Vandyck, which was given to me by the said James; also, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas earl of Pembroke.

*Item:* I bequeath to the reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottlescrew, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

*Item:* I bequeath all my horses and mares to the reverend Mr. John Jackson, vicar of Santry, together

Digitized by Google

ther with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

*Item:* I bequeath to the reverend Doctor Francis Wilson, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

*Item:* I bequeath to the earl of Orrery the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

*Item:* I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, esq. the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

*Item:* I bequeath to Deane Swift, esq. my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box and bell of the same metal.

*Item:* I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of queen Anne and prince George, which she formerly gave me.

*Item:* I leave to the reverend Mr. John Worrall, my best beaver hat.

*Item:*

Digitized by Google

*Item:* I bequeath to the reverend Doctor Patrick Delany my medal of queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred majesty.

*Item:* I bequeath to the reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of king Charles the First, and on the reverse a crown of martyrdom with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the abovementioned legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

*Item:* Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the Vineyard, let to the reverend Doctor Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said Doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and chapter of St. Patrick's ****.

WHEREAS I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds sterling: and, likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial-place called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value; for which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and, it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding Deans and chapters may

Digitized by Google

may preserve the said vineyard and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding Deans during their office, by each Dean lessening one-fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas; Henry Singleton, esq., prime serjeant to his majesty; the reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, chancellor of St. Patrick's; the reverend Doctor Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmactolway; Eaton Stannard, esq., recorder of the city of Dublin; the reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's; the reverend Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan; the reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass; the reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper; and, Alexander M'Aulay, esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last Will and Testament, this third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

*Signed, sealed, and published, by the above-named* Jonathan Swift, *in Presence of Us, who have subscribed our names in his Presence.*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE

# CHARACTER

OF

# DOCTOR SWIFT,

AFTER HIS DEATH.

*October* 21, 1745.

On Saturday last died, at the deanery
house in Kevin Street,
The Rev. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.
Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin:
The greatest genius that this or perhaps any other age
or nation ever produced.
His indefatigable application to study in his earlier
days, induced a total deprivation of his
understanding, in which state he has
continued for some years past.
His writings,
Which must be admired as long as the English
language continues to be understood,
Are remarkable for a vein of wit and humour,
Which runs through the whole of them without
exception, and which is not to be met with
in those of any other author.

His

Digitized by Google

His satire, though poignant, was intended rather to reform than ridicule;
His manner was ever easy and natural;
His thoughts new and pleasing;
His style chaste and polished;
His verse smooth and flowing.
In his private character he was no less excellent:
His conversation was always pleasant and agreeable;
He was pious without hypocrisy,
Virtuous without austerity,
And beneficent without ostentation.
As he loved his country,
So he was ever watchful of its interest,
And zealous to promote it.
No wonder then,
That with these qualifications and endowments,
He became the delight of his countrymen,
And the admiration of foreigners.
In short, it may with justice be said,
That he was a great and good man,
An honour to his country, and to human nature.


Digitized by Google

# CHARACTER

## OF

# SWIFT'S WRITINGS,

### BY DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of queen Anne he turned the stream of popularity against the whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding reign he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression; and showed that wit confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland "was his debtor." It was from the time when he began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow subjects, to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In

Digitized by Google

In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His "Tale of a Tub" has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterward never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

In his other works is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connexions, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilised by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself; and his readers always understand him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; and it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always

Digitized by Google

always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise. For purposes merely didactick, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode; but against that inattention by which known truths are suffered to lie neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

By his political education he was associated with the whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the "Church of England man," of thinking commonly with the whigs of the state, and with the tories of the church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour, of the clergy; of the dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

To his duty as Dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy: and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs, than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood musick, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand.

Digitized by Google

hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He read the service "rather with a strong, nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; his voice was sharp and high toned, rather than harmonious."

He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controversies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gayety. He subbornly resisted any tendency to laughter.

To

Digitized by Google

To his domesticks he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear. That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation; benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannick peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once when he dined along with the earl of Orrery, he said of one that waited in the room. "That man has, since we sat down to table, committed fifteen faults." What the faults were, lord Orrery, from whom I heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his economy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than seven hundred a year.

His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without

Digitized by Google

out kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering, that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.

In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolicks, was resented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendency, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, "to venture to speak to him." This customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity: but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore

Digitized by Google

therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be justly supposed that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the letters that passed between him and Pope it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue

Digitized by Google

virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more. They show the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

When the Queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analyzing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and he that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.



Digitized by Google

In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critick can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gayety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhimes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of "proper words in proper places."

To divide this collection into classes, and show how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, will be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

It was said, in a preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps NO WRITER CAN EASILY BE FOUND THAT HAS BORROWED SO LITTLE, OR THAT, IN ALL HIS EXCELLENCIES AND ALL HIS DEFECTS, HAS SO WELL MAINTAINED HIS CLAIM TO BE CONSIDERED AS ORIGINAL.

EXTRACTS

Digitized by Google

# EXTRACTS

## FROM MR. MONCK-BERKELEY'S INQUIRY INTO THE LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE principal charges that are stated as affecting the character of Swift are as follows: His want of benevolence, his impiety, and his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. To these I shall reply in the order they are here stated. It will however be necessary, before I proceed on the subject of these charges, to take a transient survey of those writers from whose reports the publick have formed their ideas of this illustrious man. His biographers were four in number; Orrery, Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Sheridan: for as to Dr. Delany, Deane Swift, esq., and Mrs. Pilkington, they come under a different description.

How far the biographers of Swift adhered to truth, were uninfluenced by prejudice, or were possessed of information, shall now be inquired.

The first in order is lord Orrery. As during the life of Swift, this man was the most assiduous of his visitors, and the most servile of his flatterers, when the memoirs of the illustrious Dean were announced as coming from the pen of Orrery, expectation waited the appearance of unlimited panegyrick. Great was the disappointment of the world when a libel, replete with the most ungenerous, the most unmerited accusations, was the only tribute his lordship offered to the memory of departed worth. To see the hand of friendship planting a thorn at the grave it ought to have de-



Digitized by Google

corated with roses, excited the indignation of the good, and the wonder of the bad.

On a conduct so repugnant to honour and to justice, and for which no cause but the general depravity of weak minds has hitherto been assigned, the following anecdote will perhaps throw some light.—Lord Orrery having one day gained admission to Swift's library, discovered a letter of his own, written several years before, lying still unopened, and on which Swift had written, "This will keep cold." As in a publication of this kind, authenticity is of the utmost importance, I shall to this, as to every other anecdote, add the name of my informer. The story which I have just communicated, was related to me by the rev. Dr. Berkeley, prebendary of Canterbury, and son of the late Bishop of Cloyne. Were any additional authority necessary to procure it credit, I could add, that the story was also related to me by the late archbishop of Tuam, who thought, as I do, that it fully accounts for the malignity that dictated, and the treachery that blackens, every page of lord Orrery's publication. While the sanction of Swift could support his lordship's ill-founded claims to genius, boundless was the respect which he professed to entertain for his literary patron; but when the venerable pile was mouldering in the dust, the right honourable biographer erected on the ruins a temple to perfidy: and though he had not even the courage of the ass to insult the dying lion, yet, monster like, he preyed upon the carcase. I shall conclude my observations on his lordship's performance, by saying, that though he possessed the amplest means of information, he has given the publick a work equally deficient in matter and in truth.

Although, after what I have said, to draw lord Orrery's

Digitized by Google

rery's character is hardly necessary; yet, as he once had a sort of literary reputation, the opinion delivered of him by the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne may possibly be thought worth preserving. It was as follows: "My lord Orrery would be a man of genius if he knew how to set about it."

Dr. Hawkesworth is the next of Swift's biographers that occurs. For the task he undertook his talents were fully equal; and the period at which he wrote was friendly to impartiality. Swift had now been dead some years; and Hawkesworth was the first man from whom the publick could expect a totally unprejudiced account of his life. To Hawkesworth, except as a writer, Swift was wholly unknown. His mirth had never enlivened the hours, nor had his satire embittered the repose, of him who was now to be his biographer; circumstances these highly favourable to impartial investigation and candid decision. But alas! Hawkesworth contented himself with such materials as the life of Orrery and the apologies of Deane Swift and Dr. Delany afforded, adding nothing to this stock of information but a few scattered remarks collected by Johnson. Of his performance, therefore, I shall only observe, that its information is sometimes useful and amusing, and that its misrepresentations are never intentional.

Some years after the publication of Hawkesworth's Life, on the Collection of the British Poets, Johnson, the general and able biographer, reclaimed for his own use the materials he had originally communicated to his friend. Of fresh matter he added little. At his time of life indolence was excusable. But the little which he gave bears incontestable marks of its origin; and however incorrect the Life of Swift (as given

Digitized by Google

given by Johnson) may be considered, it is but justice to say, that he is the only one of the Dean's biographers who has offered any thing in extenuation of his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. At the same time, it is impossible not to regret, that when Johnson became the biographer of Swift, he should have contented himself with pursuing the beaten track; for had he provided himself with materials that might have easily been collected, a life would have been given to the world, which, like his own inimitable Rasselas, would have at once diffused pleasure and instruction.

The last of this great man's biographers was Sheridan; a man not unknown to genius, and with which one has long been accustomed to connect ideas of literary merit and of Swift. From the writer now before us may be collected much information, and that information well authenticated. His father's intimacy, and his own acquaintance with the Dean, had enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of Swift's later years, of which Dr. Sheridan was the constant companion; and it is about them only that the publick wishes for information. The former were passed in a station too conspicuous to admit of secrecy, in a manner too splendid to escape observation.

At the same time I cannot refrain from observing, that some few passages in Sheridan's memoirs are deserving of censure, especially in his attempt to vindicate the conduct of Swift toward those two celebrated females, who bartered happiness for immortality. He seems on that occasion to have collected improper circumstances, and to have stated them by way of extenuation. I am however well convinced, that to him they must have appeared in a light widely different, as his

Digitized by Google

his attachment to the memory of Swift was too sincere to justify any supposition to the contrary.

Notwithstanding these faults, it would be highly unjust to the memory of Mr. Sheridan were I to dismiss this subject without saying, that his work breathes a spirit of truth and candour which does honour to the writer's heart; and that his life of Swift will, together with other useful publications, rescue from oblivion the memory of an honest man.

Having concluded my remarks on the principal writers who have made any mention of Swift, I shall proceed to inquire with what degree of justice he has been charged with being a misanthrope.

The authors of this charge have ever depended on the Yahoos for support: And where could those who wished to throw dirt have found more proper allies? for it seems to have been a favourite amusement among that celebrated nation. "How," exclaim the enemies of Swift, "could a man that possessed one spark of benevolence paint human nature in such colours?" They then proceed to declaim for an hour on the dignity of human nature; a term which, though generally used, I could never comprehend: nor have I found, among those who were most frequent in the use of it, one person able to favour me with a satisfactory definition.

The only meaning I can affix to the term is, that it alludes to a certain portion of dignity which is innate in us, and consequently inseparable from our nature. Now, if this definition be allowed to be just, it will be incumbent on the patrons of innate dignity to show in what it consists; and whether it be descernible in our state of infancy, which is more helpless than that of any other creature; or at a more advanced

Digitized by Google

advanced period of our lives, when we are slaves to our passions? or whether its splendour is more evident when our sun sets, enveloped in the cheerless clouds of dotage? Till this point be determined, I shall beg leave to remain an infidel with respect to the existence of this much injured dignity.

The writers on this subject seem to have involved themselves in an errour, by not distinguishing between the terms natural and acquired. That human nature is, by the practice of virtue, capable of acquiring great dignity, is what I most readily admit; but the dignity of an individual, thus acquired by himself, cannot be said to be the dignity of the species. No man who sees two mares at Astley's dancing a minuet will affirm, that dancing is common to the whole species; or, because some men are born with a power of erecting their ears, that therefore it is a power common to the whole race. But admitting that this same dignity existed any where but in the imaginations of those who declaim about it, the History of the Yahoos can by no means be considered as offering any insult to our nature. It only paints mankind in that state to which habits of vice must necessarily sink them. And it is surely no very reprehensible part of Swift's character, that, being by profession a teacher of morals, he should paint the deformity of vice in colours the most glaring; and in situations the most disgusting. It therefore remains with the publick to determine, how far he is culpable who attempts to correct by satire those who are invulnerable to reproof, and deaf to persuasion; and how far a wish to make mankind better, and consequently happier, is a proof of misanthropy.

I shall not trespass on the reader's attention by recapitulating

Digitized by Google

capitulating the many instances of benevolence and mercy, that adorned the life of the illustrious Dean. They are too well known to need repetition, and are recorded where they will one day be amply rewarded. I shall therefore conclude this subject by observing, that of his benevolence no one can entertain a doubt, who sees him resigning the only preferment he possessed to relieve the wants of honest indigence; who sees him quitting the splendid mansions of the great, to visit the dreary residence of sequestered woe; exchanging the applause of peers and of princes for the inarticulate thanks of grateful poverty; while the smile which he frequently withheld from the great beamed spontaneous on every child of sorrow.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the second charge, namely, that of impiety.

The first and the most important argument on which the patrons of this charge rest their hopes of success, is the tendency said to be observable in the "Tale of a Tub."

"Of this work," says Johnson, "charity may be persuaded to think, that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without bad intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example." I confess myself unable to discern the danger. The "Tale of a Tub" holds up to ridicule superstitious and fanatical absurdities, which, having no weak side of common sense, defy argument, and are unassailable by learning: but the essentials of religion are never attacked; and that church, for which Johnson entertained the highest veneration, is every where treated with the respect which is due to the glory of the reformation. If, in the book, a flight of fancy now and then occurs which a serious mind would wish away, before Swift be convicted of impiety,

Digitized by Google

impiety, the following circumstances ought to be impartially weighed.

In the first place, the "Tale of a Tub" was the work of a very young man; and although the rule of Horace, *Nonum prematur in annum*, was observed, it still made its appearance at an early period of the author's life. To say, that he whose youth is not totally exempt from levity will be disgraced by an old age of blasphemy, is perhaps not perfectly consistent with that first of human virtues charity. But of that virtue the persecutors of Swift seem to have had little or no idea. Secondly, I maintain, that in the work before us there is not a single passage which implies a disbelief of revelation: At the same time I must confess, there are many passages that, with the assistance of well meaning and able commentators, might be so construed as to prove, that the author was an admirer of the Gentoo tenets, and not wholly averse to the god of Thibet. For although my reading cannot as yet have been very extensive, I have read enough to know, that there is not the least necessity for any sort of connexion between the text and the commentary.

Having remarked upon the arguments advanced in support of this charge, I shall now beg leave to offer something on the other side of the question.—In the first place, Swift, very early in life, conceived a violent disgust at that despicable vice hypocrisy; a vice so infamous and so degrading as is hardly to be expressed. Nor shall we wonder at his utter abhorrence of this vice, when we reflect how successfully it had been cultivated a little while before his birth by those eminently pious men, whose splendid triumph over the king and the constitution so gloriously distinguished the 17th century. To the horrour he entertained

Digitized by Google

tertained of this vice must be attributed the cautious manner in which he concealed that sense of religion, which seems to have been early impressed on his mind. For what but a sense of religion, and a most refined one too, could have withheld him from entering into orders till he had first obtained the refusal of some post, by means of which he could obtain to himself the blessings resulting from independence? To what but a sense of religion can we attribute the unequalled attention and decency with which he discharged his duty as Dean of St. Patrick's?—for I believe no man is fool enough to charge Swift with being a slave to appearances. Lastly, It is a certain fact, that while the power of speech remained, the Dean continued constant in the performance of his private devotions; and in proportion as his memory failed, they were gradually shortened, till at last he could only repeat the Lord's prayer. That, however, he continued to do till the power of utterence for ever ceased. This information I had from the servant who attended him. Now, an address to Heaven by one whose reason was on the wane, must have arisen from habit. Hypocrisy cannot be supposed to have influenced him, who was unmindful of the past, unconscious of the present, and indifferent to the future.

I was informed by the servant who attended him in his last illness, that when any person of whose talents he had thought highly visited him, he evinced the greatest anxiety for his departure; whilst blockheads (wonderful change!) were suffered to approach him with impunity. This proves that the powers of his mind, though obscured, were not extinguished.

I am now come to the only part of Swift's conduct which is, in my opinion, deserving of censure; I mean

Digitized by Google

I mean his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. But be it remembered, that censure, though merited, should be proportioned to the crime. Had the Dean's accusers taken the trouble of candidly investigating all the circumstances relative to that double connexion, they might possibly have found the unfortunate lover not wholly undeserving of pity.

But before I proceed to inquire how far the treatment Stella experienced was or was not excusable, I shall inform my reader who Stella really was. On this point all the biographers of Swift have been misinformed. The following account I received a few days ago in a letter from Mrs. Hearne*, niece to the celebrated Mrs. Johnson, and who now (1789) resides at Brighton, near Alresford, Hants, with her daughter, Mrs. Harrison, the wife of a most respectable clergyman of that name.

"Mrs. Esther Johnson, better known by the name of Stella, was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 13th of March 1681. Her father was a merchant, and the younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire. He died young, and left his widow with three children, a son and two daughters. While Mrs. Johnson lived at Richmond, she had the happiness of becoming first acquainted with lady Giffard, the sister of sir William Temple. The uncommon endowments, both of body and mind, which Mrs. Johnson certainly possessed in a high degree, soon gained her not only

* Some years after the death of Stella, on Bishop Berkeley's going to Ireland, Mrs. Hearne accompanied his lady to that kingdom. Immediately on the bishop's arrival, Swift repaired to the house of his friend: and, on entering the room, was so struck with the strong resemblance, Mrs. Hearne bore to the unfortunate Stella, that he uttered a deep groan. G. M. B.

the

Digitized by Google

the esteem but the warm friendship of that excellent lady; a friendship which lasted till death. As they seldom were apart, and lady Giffard lived much with her brother sir William, it was through her that Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters (her son dying young) were brought to the knowledge and friendship of sir William Temple and his lady; who discovering so many excellencies, and such fine parts, in the little Hetty, as she was always called in the Temple family, so far took upon themselves the care of her education as to bring her up with their own niece the late Mrs. Temple of Moor Park, by Farnham; a most acceptable piece of kindness and friendship this to the mother, whose little fortune had been greatly injured by the South Sea bubbles. And here it was that Dr. Swift first became acquainted with Stella, and commenced that attachment which terminated in their marriage. The cause why that marriage was not owned to the world has never been thoroughly explained. It is the opinion, however, of her own family, that their finances not being equal to the style in which the Dean wished to move as a married man, could be the only one; Stella's own fortune being only 1500l. one thousand of which, as a farther mark of friendship, was left her by sir William Temple himself. It was Dr. Swift's wish at last to have owned his marriage; but finding herself declining very fast, Stella did not choose to alter her mode of life, and besides fully intended coming over to England to her mother."

It has been asserted that Swift, from the first moment of his acquaintance with Stella, had resolved never to marry. But it may possibly strike the reader as somewhat singular, that the Dean could entertain

Digitized by Google

tain serious thoughts (as from his letter to Varina *, it is evident he did) of forming a permament connexion with a woman, who, by his own account, was no desirable object; and yet, immediately afterward, when he became sensible of Stella's worth, who was in every respect superiour to his former mistress, he should immediately determine to spend the remainder of his days in a state of celibacy; especially as, at that time, there is little reason to think he could flatter himself with the idea, that the gentle Stella would consent to share his fortunes before they were properly hers; and relying on his honour and his love, follow his foosteps through distant realms.

Besides, as Swift informed the bishop of Clogher what rules he had laid down with respect to marrying, it is pretty certain he had never made any resolution against matrimony, as no one but a lunatick would resolve on a particular line of conduct, to be observed in a predicament in which he was determined never to place himself, and in which no one, without his own consent, could place him. After what has been said, I presume the assertion I am now combating needs no other confutation.

Swift's motive for putting a period to his connexion with Varina, seems to have been the vexation he daily experienced from that caprice, which a weak woman never fails to exercise as a proof of the despotick sway, with which her own charms or her lover's infatuation have invested her; and he who withdraws himself from a government thus tyrannical, cannot with justice be considered as deserving of censure. Now, it is probable that the caprice of

* See vol. X. N.

Varina

Digitized by Google

Varina influenced not a little the conduct of Swift toward Stella. The only woman with whom he had hitherto been intimately connected, had shown that she knew only the abuse of power; and he might have his fears, that should he avow himself the lover of Stella, she might also be ignorant how to use that power, with which his avowal would invest her. If, however, this suspicion existed, it was certainly ill founded, and never could have entered into the Dean's mind, had Stella been the first object of his regard; but experience is the parent of suspicion. The mind of Stella was too great, her sentiments were too exalted, to admit of her being capricious. Caprice is the growth of weak minds only.

What has been said may possibly account for Swift's never throwing off the mask of friendship during this intercourse with the lovely partner of his fortunes. On this ground, it appears no very difficult matter to reconcile his conduct toward Stella with the most determined resolution of marrying her, whenever circumstances should admit of it. And if we attentively survey the situation of Swift, from the first moment of his connexion with the far-famed object of his wishes to the period immediately preceding her death, we shall be at a loss to point out the time when, consistently with the dictates of prudence, he could have united himself with his amiable mistress.

From the promised munificence of king William, he received nothing but disappointment. Yet such a promise to the dead, to one whom he had honoured with his confidence and friendship, should have been considered by the monarch as guarded from violation by every tie that could influence either a great or good mind.



Digitized by Google

But to proceed. After Swift's retirement from Moor Park till his connexion with lord Berkeley, he had no prospect of preferment. The misconduct of that nobleman, I am sorry to say, but too justly provoked the indignation of Swift; and the provision he at length obtained was too scanty to admit of his embarking with a family. On his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick's, a system of the severest economy was necessary to liquidate the debt contracted by a long and vexatious attendance on ministry; at the same time that a certain degree of state was a necessary appendage to his station.

To the union of Swift and Stella there was, however, at one period of their connexion, a much more formidable obstacle than any that could have arisen from prudence. It is with reluctance I proceed; but during one of the Dean's long ministerial attendances in London, commenced his acquaintance with Vanessa.

This lady possessed wit, youth, beauty, a competent share of wealth, and universal admiration. Thus decorated, she offered herself a willing victim at the shrine of Swift, by whose genius she was completely fascinated.

To behold, without emotion, such a sacrifice, was hardly to be expected from man. But to the honour of Swift be it remembered, that though allured by such attractions as were indeed at once more rare and powerful, he made a long and obstinate defence; and when the death of the queen exiled him as it were from England, he used all the force of argument to prevail on Vanessa, to smother the destructive flame she had so long nourished in her bosom, and which, he wisely apprehended, would at some future period

Digitized by Google

period kindle a conflagration, from which effects the most fatal were justly to be dreaded. Dazzled at first by the splendour of his conquest, he was prevented from seeing his own conduct in a proper point of view; but when the death of the queen reminded him that Ireland was to be the scene of his remaining years, the thought of wounding her, whom he had invited to that country, by the presence of her rival, shocked the delicacy of his feelings; while the idea of Stella, neglected and forsaken, returned with redoubled force, and once more possessed itself of his mind.

Yet at the moment when he recommended to Vanessa forgetfulness of the past, it is certain he taught what he could not practise, and that what was right was preferred to what was pleasant. In the eye of justice, the claims of Stella were highly forcible. She had, at an early period of life yielded her affections to the assiduities of Swift. To enjoy his society, she had sacrificed her country and her connexions, and had fixed her abode in a part of the world where people where by no means inclined to put the best construction on the face of things. And it must be owned, that to those who were not behind the curtain, matters wore not an appearance highly favourable to delicacy.

In circumstances like these, to have finally deserted Stella was a piece of cruelty and of villany of which her lover was utterly incapable. His return to Ireland certainly lessened her anxiety, and rendered her situation more tolerable than it could be during his absence. Whatever she might think of the state of his affections, she was at least in a situation to attempt the recovery of them; and though



Digitized by Google

disappointment had killed the roses of youth, yet her conversation was still attractive, her mind cultivated, and her manners gentle. But the arrival of the unfortunate Vanessa soon violated the tranquillity of Stella. The anxiety inseparable from such a situation as hers preyed on her spirits, and materially affected her health.

Swift, shocked at the effects his own inconstancy was likely to produce, requested bishop Ashe, the common friend of both, to inquire from Stella what could restore her former peace of mind. Her answer was to this effect, "That for many years she had patiently born the tongue of slander; but that hitherto she had been cheered by the hope of one day becoming his wife: That of such an event she now saw no probability; and that, consequently, her memory would be transmitted to posterity branded with the most unmerited obloquy."

Swift, in his reply to this declaration, observed, that "in early life he had laid down two maxims with respect to matrimony; The first was, never to marry unless possessed of a competency: the second, unless this was the case at such a period of life as afforded him a probable prospect of living to educate his family; but yet, since her happiness depended on his marrying her, he would directly comply with her wishes on the following terms: That it should remain a secret from all the world, unless the discovery were called for by some urgent necessity; and that they should continue in separate houses."

To these terms Stella readily acceded; and in 1716, they were married by the bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstance to bishop Berkeley.

Digitized by Google

Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me *.

What Swift meant by the term *urgent necessity*, unless it alluded to the birth of children, it would be hard to say; but before I proceed any farther in my inquiry, I shall here insert an anecdote, for the authenticity of which I pretend not to vouch. I shall relate it as I heard it, and shall mention the name of my informer, who was Richard Brennan †, the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last, and who attended him during the six years that immediately preceded his death. My informer, who is still living in Dublin, told me, "that when he was at school, there was a boy boarded with the master, who was commonly reported to be the dean's son by Mrs. Johnson. He added, that the boy strongly resembled the dean in his complexion; that he dined constantly at the deanery every Sunday; and that, when other boys were driven out of the deanery yard, he was suffered to remain there and divert himself." This boy survived Mrs. Johnson but a year or two at the most.

All I shall remark on this story is, that it is very consistent with the dates of Mrs. Johnson's marriage and death; the former having taken place in 1716, the latter in 1727-8. The story is, however, related, merely as the report of the day, and no stress is meant to be laid upon it.

Swift, by marrying Stella at a time when it is pretty certain he ceased to entertain for her any very

* The same circumstance was told to Dr. Johnson by Dr. Madden. N.

† In 1789 he was one of the bell-ringers at St. Patrick's church, and in a state of penury. G. M. B.



Digitized by Google

impassioned sentiments, is one proof that he thought the laws of honour entitled to the strictest observance. He saw, when it was too late, the errour of his conduct toward that amiable woman, and made reparation; though, to be sure, his declining to acknowledge her was a step that cannot be justified, and which must be attributed merely to that love of singularity, which in a greater or less degree is inseparable from genius.

It is the property of genius to make men despise happiness as it is served up to the rest of mankind. Men of genius will cook it in their own way; and in their attempts to heighten the flavour, they too often spoil the dish. Such was the case of the unfortunate dean of St. Patrick's. Had Swift been a blockhead, he would not have had the evening of his life imbittered by reflections the most piercing, the most cruel!—he would have pursued the beaten track which leads to that which is commonly called happiness, and would have reached the goal without interruption.

Having no farther observations to make on the peculiar circumstances of the unfortunate Stella, I shall conclude my account of her, by drawing her character as it appears to me from the best information I have been able to collect. Her manners were gentle to a great degree; her mind was rather elegant than strong; her reading was extensive; her wit was rather agreeable than brilliant, while her patience and her piety will find more to admire than to imitate them.

With respect to Vanessa I have little to say. While, in justice to Swift, I cannot refrain from observing, that the first advances came from her, I should

Digitized by Google

should not forbear recalling to the reader's recollection what is remarked a few pages back, that when Vanessa selected Cadenus for her lover, she was universally followed and admired; and whatever construction may be put on a celebrated poem, which it is to be wished had never seen the light, I shall venture to assert that the passion she entertained for Swift was perfectly innocent. She knew of no engagement to prevent their union; and to obtain that union was the sole object of her wishes. Although the encouragement she gave to Swift might be rather inconsistent with the etiquette observed by all prudent and experienced women when in a state of courtship; yet for this inattention it is by no means right to brand her memory with the severest obloquy.

With respect to the Dean's conduct toward this lady, no other apology can be offered than this. That the violence of the passion which he entertained for her, blinded him to the fatal effects that were likely to arise from such a connexion; and that he found himself unexpectedly in a situation where perseverance was wrong, and where retreat was impossible. Swift has been severely blamed for continuing his connexion with Vanessa after his marriage with Stella: But be it remembered, that though in this point he erred, his motive was such as, though it could not justify, certainly palliated the crime. He wanted resolution mortally to wound the peace of one who loved so well. Justice and nature contested the point; and those who in this instance may censure, cannot regret the triumph of the latter. It is likewise more than probable, that one of the motives which induced Swift to conceal his

Digitized by Google

his marriage, was a wish to spare Vanessa so severe a pang; the effects produced by the discovery of that fatal secret were foreseen, and are too well known to need recapitulation. Her last will declared what her feelings were: Her appointing Swift's most intimate friend bishop Berkeley to be one of the executioners of her vengeance, shows the violence of her resentment. At the same time, had the hour of Vanessa's dissolution been less rapid in its approach, had death allowed the storm of passion time to subside, it is more than probable she would have recalled her order respecting the publication of their mutual correspondence. Her passions were violent, and consequently would have been short lived*. Her heart was tender, and her sensibility great; while her mind was possessed of a degree of strength not always to be found among the fair sex; and her talents in many points eclipsed those of her unfortunate rival.

Such was Vanessa, over whose last moments, as well as over those of the amiable Stella, it were to be wished that a veil had from the first been drawn. They only exhibit two dreary scenes of cheerless sorrow, over which the benevolent and the feeling will drop one silent tear; while none will withhold from the ill-fated Swift the tribute of pity, but such as, in opposition to the benevolent author of nature, prefer sacrifice to mercy.

If on any occasion, in this course of this Inquiry, I have betrayed an improper degree of warmth, I

* Influenced by this idea, bishop Berkeley withheld from the press a series of letters, the publication of which could only have served to torment one already bending under the iron rod of affliction. G. M. B.



Digitized by Google

hope for the indulgence of my readers, when it is considered that young men are generally strenuous advocates for any cause in which they embark; and that I have from my cradle been taught to consider Swift as a man in whom were united splendor of imagination, strength of judgement, sensibility of heart, love of his country, inviolable integrity; and a belief in Revelation, that was his rule of conduct here, and his source of hope hereafter.

Of this great man I have seen four original pictures; The first is preserved as an heir-loom in the deanery of St. Patrick's: It was *once* ornamented with a magnificent frame of Irish black oak, the carving of which cost one hundred guineas; but the present Dean of St. Patrick's has, at his *own expence* (as his housekeeper informed me), adorned it with five shillings worth of gilding. The predominant expressions of his countenance (as represented in this picture) are grief, indignation, and benevolence. Of the other three originals one is in the possession of Mr. Whiteway of Dublin, son to the lady whose letters are inserted in this collection; another in the possession of Mrs. Wisdom of Bride-street, Dublin, niece to Mrs. Ridgway; and a third is in the collection of the Reverend Dr. Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c. There is also a very excellent picture of him, though not an original, lately put up in the new saloon of Trinity-college, Dublin; where are also the pictures of Usher, Molyneux, Berkeley, and other Irish worthies.

In

Digitized by Google

In the PICTURE GALLERY at OXFORD, is placed the Portrait of Mr. POPE, with this Inscription:

ALEXANDER POPE, ARMIGER,
ET
QVOD EXIMIO APVD ERVDITAS NOMINI
INVIDENDAM ATTVLIT DIGNITATIS
ACCESSIONEM,
FFIGIEM DEDIT,
ET VIRVM COHONESTAVIT,
A. Dⁱ MDCCXXII,
HONORATISSIMVS
EDWARDVS COMES OXON. ET MORTIMER.

*In English*:*

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQUIRE.
And, what gives to a name admired by
the Learned
An Accesssion of Dignity even to be envied,
This Shadow was presented,
And the Original honoured,
A. D. MDCCXXII,
By the Right Honourable
Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

* By Mr. Bowyer. N.

A Portrait

Digitized by Google

A Portrait of Dr. SWIFT, presented to the University of Oxford by the late JOHN BARBER, Esq. is placed in the PICTURE GALLERY there, with this Inscription:

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. R. PATRIC. DVBL.
EFFIGIEM VIRI MVSIS AMICISSIMI,
INGENIO PRORSVS SIBI PROPRIO CELEBERRIMI,
VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQVATENVS
REDONARET,
PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
IOHANNES BARBER, ARMIGER,
ALDERMANNVS,
NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

*In English*:*

JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN.
This portrait of the Muses' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
That he might in some sort be restored to his Oxford Friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian gallery.
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
At the desire of JOHN BARBER, Esquire,
Alderman, and some time Lord Mayor of London.

* By Mr. Bowyer. N.

Digitized by Google

AFTER

AFTER this general Oxford testimony of the Dean, in which that university affectionately asserts her right to him as no degenerate son, we shall subjoin that of another writer, whom, it is said, she refused to accept as an adopted one.

" The religious author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reservoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will answer for the state, that it is a den of savages and cutthroats. What think you, reader? is not the system round and great? and now the fig-leaf is so clearly plucked off, what remains, but bravely to strike away the rotten staff, that yet keeps our old doting parents on their last legs?

" Seriously let it be as they say, that ridicule and satire are the supplement of publick laws; should not then, the ends of both be the same; the benefit of mankind? but where is the sense of a general satire, if the whole species be degenerated? And where is the justice of it if it be not? The punishment of lunaticks is as wise as the one; and a general execution as honest as the other. In short, a general satire, the work only of ill men or little geniuses, was proscribed of old both by the critick and the magistrate, as an offence equally against justice and common sense."—A Critical and Philosophical Enquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles, &c. Lond. 1727, p. 33, supposed to be written by the right reverend author of the Divine Legation of Moses: which is the more probable, because we find in the dedication to the latter, p. 15, a similar censure on another part of this collection in these words:

" However, once on a time a great wit set upon this task, [ridiculing a love of publick liberty]; he undertook

Digitized by Google

undertook to laugh at this very virtue, and that so successfully that he set the whole nation a laughing with him. What mighty engine, you will ask, was employed to put in motion so large a body, and for so extraordinary a cause; In truth, a very simple one: a discourse, of which all the wit consists in the title; and that too skulking, as you will see, under one unlucky word. Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of *cuckoldom*, incumbent upon wives, in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands*. Now, had the merry reader been but so wise as to reflect, that reason was the test of ridicule, and not ridicule the test of truth, he would have been induced to rectify the proposition, and to state it fairly thus; The indispensable duty of *divorce*, &c. And then the joke had been over, before the laugh could have begun."

Another author however, who is allowed by the bishop to be no ill judge of the province of ridicule, speaks of the former work in somewhat more moderate terms;

"There is not perhaps in any language a bolder or stronger ridicule, than the well known apologue of the Tale of a Tub. Its manifest design is to recommend the English church, and to disgrace the two extremes of popery and puritanism†. Now if we con-

* History of John Bull, part i, chap. 13. W. B.

† "Some indeed have pretended otherwise.—The pious author of the Independent Whig affirms [with the above author of the Critical Enquiry] that it was an open attack upon Christianity, &c. where, by the way, the contrast is remarkable enough, that he should pronounce the Tale of a Tub to be a libel on Christianity, while it is in fact, a Vindication of our Ecclesiastical Establishment; and at the same time entitle his own book, a Vindication of our Ecclesiastical Establishment, while it is in fact a libel on Christianity." W. B.

sider

Digitized by Google

sider this exquisite piece of raillery as a test of truth, we shall find it impotent and vain. For the question still recurs, whether Martin be a just emblem of the English nation, Jack of the Scotch, or Peter of the Roman church. All the points in debate between the several parties are taken for granted in the representation: and we must have recourse to argument, and that alone, ere we can determine the merits of the question.

"If we next consider this masterpiece of wit as a mode of eloquence; we shall find it indeed of great efficacy in confirming every member of the church of England in his own communion, and in giving him a thorough distaste of those of Scotland and Rome. And so far as this may be regarded as a matter of publick utility, so far the ridicule may be laudable.

"But if we extend our views so as to comprehend a larger plan of moral use; we shall find this method is such as charity can hardly approve of: for by representing the one of these churches under the character of craft and knavery, the other under that of incurable madness, it must needs tend to inspire every member of the English church who believes the representation, with such hatred of the one, and contempt of the other, as to prevent all friendly debate, and rational remonstrance.

"Its effects on those who hold the doctrines of Calvin or of Rome, must be yet worse: unless it can be proved, that the way to attract the love and convince the reason of mankind, is to show that we hate or despise them. While they revere what we deride, it is plain, we cannot both view the subject in the same light: and though we deride what appears to us contemptible, we deride what to them appears sacred.

They

Digitized by Google

sacred. They will therefore accuse us of misrepresenting their opinions, and abhor us as unjust and impious.

"Thus, although this noted apologue be indeed a Vindication of our English Church, yet it is such as had been better spared: because its natural effect is to create prejudice, and inspire the contending parties with mutual distaste, contempt, and hatred *."

According to one of these writers, the Tale of a Tub is a ridicule of all religion; according to the other, it is a defence of our constitution in church and state, but with an unlawful weapon. And yet how few controversialists do not make use of this weapon when they can lay hold of it! which of them keep themselves within the strict rules of pleadings in the Areopagus? BOWYER.

WHATEVER may be thought of the Dean as a Divine, all agree in their elogium of him as a Writer.

"Few characters could have afforded so great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied or censured, than Dr. Swift. From the gifts of nature, he had great powers; and from the imperfections of humanity, he had many failings. I always considered him as an abstract and brief chronicle of the times; no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and in the lowest scenes of life. His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age. The sages of antiquity were often the companions of his closet; and although he industriously avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw

* Dr. Browne's Essays on the Characteristicks, Essay I. sect. xi. p. 100. W. B.

his

Digitized by Google

his materials from his own store; yet his knowledge in the ancient authors evidently appears, from the strength of his sentiments, and the classick correctness of his style. If we consider his prose works, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness in their style, that has never been equalled by any other writer. His poetical performances ought to be considered as occasional poems, written either to please or to vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity; if he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire."

ORRERY.

"THE character of his life will appear like that of his writings. They will both bear to be reconsidered and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulance, ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy, interpose, to cloud or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce, that the eclipse will not last long. No man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his; a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials, and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune!—He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour, to Ireland."

DELANY.

Digitized by Google "IT

"It happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved on this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to so high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at. By this good fortune the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit."

STEELE, Dedication to the first volume of Tatlers.

"My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life: and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, are equal to his wit; and require as good and as true a taste to be equally valued."

POPE, Letter to the earl of Orrery, March 17, 1736.

"He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetick laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critick, and the kindest friend."

TICKELL, Prospect of Peace.

"It is now about fifty years," says Dr. Lowth, Gramm. p. iv. "since Dr. Swift made a publick remonstrance, addressed to the earl of Oxford, then lord treasurer, of the imperfect state of our language; alleging in particular, that in many instances it offended against every part of Grammar*.—Swift must be allowed to have been a good judge of

* See Swift's Letter to the earl of Oxford, in vol. IV. N.

this

Digitized by Google

this matter; to which he was himself very attentive, both in his own writings, and his remarks upon those of his friends: he is one of the most correct, and perhaps the best of our prose writers."

"SWIFT's style has this peculiarity, not to have one metaphor in his works. His images are surprisingly unexpected, and exhibited in their true, genuine, native form: this strikes the greatest; and, being fetched generally from common life, they captivate the lowest of the people."

MELMOTH.

"Amonst the Dean's writings of a private nature, are many of a serious, and many of a very opposite cast; many panegyrical, and many satyrical. In some of the latter he has suffered his wit to outrun his good-nature and regard to decency; and it is for this reason that some persons have wished they had been suppressed; for, as to their being trifling and domestick, that surely can be no objection to the publication of them, since they are thereby better adapted to show what the Dean was in his family and amongst his friends, than twenty characters drawn by the pens of others. Of these private pieces, that containing an account of his favourite Stella may be justly esteemed the most valuable, as exhibiting an uncommon pattern of softness and fortitude, humility and learning, housewifery and politeness, frugality and good-nature, united in one person. There are likewise amongst them some prayers of the Dean's for this same extraordinary woman, which, whatever levities might appear in them, show that he was deeply impressed with the principal truths of the Christian Religion." BURKE.

"In

Digitized by Google

"In the illustrious reign of Anne, when Britons reached a degree of glory in literature and arts, which might be put in competition with the age of Pericles, or Augustus; Swift, in clear and familiar diction, unaided by flowery ornaments, expressed the dictates of a strong understanding, and lively invention." KETT.

"Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a Peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the Wit secur'd his aim."
SHENSTONE.

"The writer, who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift."
SHENSTONE's Essays on Men, Manners, and Things, p. 175.

"Swift in poetry deserves a place, somewhere between Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's Epistles and Satires." Ibid. p. 205.

"You have with you three or four of the best English authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift; read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language."
CHESTERFIELD, Letter clxxi.


Digitized by Google

" UNLESS you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift."
YOUNG, Ep. to Pope.

" LET such at SWIFT with stupid folly rail,
Who dull can read unmov'd his comick tale:
All that have taste will deep attention lend,
To that which Carteret and which Pope commend."
ANONYM.

*** Much more might be added; but the reputation of the Dean is too well established to need any farther encomium.

A TALE

Digitized by Google

# A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE

## UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

## MANKIND

*Diu multumque desideratum.*

---

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An Account of a BATTLE between the ANCIENT and MODERN Books in St. James's Library.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY;

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES, by W. WOTTON, B. D. and Others.



Digitized by Google

Basyma cacabassa canaa, irraumista diaraba caëota bafobor camelanthi *. IREN. lib. i. c. 18.

——*Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
*Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,*
*Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ.* LUCRET.

*Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?* HORACE.

* This citation, which seems all gibberish, is a form of initiation used by the Marcosian hereticks. Dr. WOTTON.—"The words are taken from the first book of Irenæus against the Pagans; where he says that the followers of the Heretic Marcus hid their mysteries under these Greek letters, but that the words were Hebrew; of which he gives the following interpretation: "Hoc quod est super omnem virtutem Patris invoco, quod vocatur Lumen & Spiritus & Vita, quoniam in corpore regnâsti. Fenardentius, the commentator on Irenæus, says, that these are monstrous and barbarous words, and neither Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic. In several antient jaspers, agates, and onyxes, we meet with these and such like extravagant words and figures, altogether as preposterous. See Chifflet's Abraxas &c."—This note is copied from one by Mr. Pate, whom Swift styles "the learned woollen draper;" and who had this and a few others, which will be found distinguished by his name, from the Dean's own mouth. N.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Digitized by Google

# ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Historical Particulars were communicated to Mr. NICHOLS in 1777 by the Rev. SAMUEL SALTER, D. D. then Master of the Charterhouse.

THE "Tale of a Tub *" was planned and composed about 1692, by Jonathan Swift, afterwards D. D. and Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; but whether by him alone, or in concert and conjunction with another of his family and name, is not quite so clear; as it is, that great part of it was designed in favour and in honour of sir William Temple, on whom the Swifts were dependent in some sort, and under obligations to him. When the Tale, &c. was first printed, Mr. Wotton speaks of it, as generally believed to have been written, or published however, by a *brother* † of Jonathan's; which brother, he adds, was preferred by lord Somers, at sir William Temple's request, to a very good benefice ‡, in one of

* "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub" are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift. It is remarkable that he never would own himself to be the author of the latter; nor is the slightest hint of it to be found in any of his writings." Dr. WARTON.

† Meaning *Thomas*, the Dean's cousin. N.

‡ Puttenham, near Guildford, in Surrey. As this is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's presentation to it seems another exception to his

Digitized by Google

of the most delicious parts of one of the pleasantest counties of England. This is invidiously aggravated; because Mr. Wotton conceived lord Somers was indecently played upon, in the dedication addressed to him *: and is besides false; at least in part: for Jonathan had no brother. His first cousin, Thomas Swift, one year only senior to him, though the son of a much elder brother, was presented by lord Somers, and probably at sir William Temple's request, to a crown living; which he held sixty years, and quitted but with life, in May 1752, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. The same lord Somers recommended Jonathan to lord Wharton; but without success. Thomas preached a sermon in November 1710 (it is not specified where); which he printed, and prefixed to it a dedication to Mr. Harley, chancellor of the exchequer, afterward earl of Oxford †. It is on Is. xi. 13, 14, and is entitled, "Noah's Dove; an earnest Exhortation to Peace; set forth in a Sermon, preached on the 7th of November 1710, a Thanksgiving-day, by Thomas Swift, A. M. formerly chaplain to sir William Temple, now rector of Puttenham, in Surrey." Mr. Deane Swift says: "T. S. was a man of learning, and abilities; but *unfortunately* bred up, like his father and grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for all the Puritanical sectaries: whence he seems to infer, that he neither had, nor could well have, the least

his relation Mr. Deane Swift's persuasion; "that no solicitation was ever made to the Crown by one of the name, from the Restoration to this day, for any the least favour whatsoever; that was either worth the Crown's refusal, or any of the family's acceptance: except, &c." S. S.

* See the dedication to lord Somers, p. 201. N.

† See the Epistolary Correspondence, Nov. 21, 1710. N.

hope

Digitized by Google

hope of rising in the church. In fact, this Sermon, and its Dedication (stand as near as you please, or as you can), will not be found to carry with them any marks of superiour parts: nor did Thomas Swift attempt giving any other proof, that I ever saw or heard of, to the world. So that, although he certainly put in his claim to a share here, it appears to have been little regarded: and Jonathan has as certainly the whole credit.

In March 1766, a copy of the first edition of the "Tale of a Tub" was sold (for 5*s*. 6*d*. only) at an auction of books, by S. Baker: this copy had, it seems, belonged to Sheffield duke of Bucks; with whom Dean Swift does not appear either to have had, or to have wished for, any intimacy*. In the first blank leaf the duke (as is believed and there affirmed) had written these words: "What follows here written, is all by the hand of Mr. Thomas Swift:" or something of this tenour. In the next page Thomas Swift has given the following anecdotes †.

"The

* Consult on this head the Journal to Stella, Dec. 19, 1710; May 19, and Sept. 8, 1711. Swift says himself, he never was in the duke's company above once; or twice at the most.—In a Life of Mr. Pope, printed in 1766, it is observed; that Dr. Arbuthnot took Pope to task, for being so much acquainted with John of Bucks: [which was the cant and familiar name his Grace was called by.] "He has neither esteem nor love for you," said the Doctor; "and only wants to cheat you;" and Pope soon found the truth of this; but, though he fell into the snare, and bought an annuity of the duke, being overpersuaded by him; yet in the end his grace over-reached himself; for he supposed, from the delicacy of Mr. Pope's constitution, that he would live but a short time. N.

† These are, word for word, the same as what appear in a pamphlet printed for Curll in 1710, with this title; "A complete

Digitized by Google

" The preface of the Bookseller, before the ' Battle of the Books,' shows the cause and design of the whole work: which was performed by a couple of young Clergymen in the year 1697; who, having been domestick chaplains to sir William Temple, thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel; in relation to the controversy then in dispute between him and Mr. Wotton, concerning Ancient and Modern Learning.

" The one of them began a defence of sir William, under the title of ' A Tale of a Tub;' under which he intended to couch the general history of Christianity: showing the rise of all the remarkable errours of the Roman church, in the same order they entered; and how the Reformation endeavoured to root them out again: with the different temper of Luther from Calvin (and those more violent spirits), in the way of his reforming. His aim is to ridicule the stubborn errours of the Romish church, and the humours of the fanatick party; and to show that their superstition has something very fantastical in it, which is common to both of them; notwith-

plete Key to the Tale of a Tub; with some account of the Authors, the occasion and design of writing it, and Mr. Wotton's Remarks examined. London, printed for Edmund Curll, &c. Price 6d. Where may be had, A Meditation upon a Broomstick, and somewhat beside, *utile dulci*; by one of the authors of the Tale of a Tub, Price 6d." See the extract from Swift's letter to Ben Tooke, p. 171; and, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Aug. 30, 1711, the Dean says, " I had long a design upon the ears of that Curll, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my pen-knife was drawn and sharp."—" What gave this edge to the Dean's pen-knife was, A Key to the Tale of a Tub, by Ralph Noden, Esq." Curll, Annot, in loc. N.

standing

Digitized by Google

standing the abhorrence they seem to have for one another.

" The author intended to have it very regular; and withal so particular, that he thought not to pass by the rise of any one single errour, or its reformation. He designed at last to show the purity of the Christian Church, in the primitive times; and consequently, how weakly Mr. Wotton passed his judgment, and how partially; in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient; with a confutation of whose book he intended to conclude. But when he had not yet gone half-way, his companion borrowing the manuscript to peruse, carried it with him to Ireland; and, having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect: for indeed he was not able to carry it on, after the intended method; because Divinity, though it chanced to be his profession, had been the least of his study. However, he added to it the " Battle of the Books;" wherein he effectually pursues the main design, of lashing Mr. Wotton: and having added a jocose epistle dedicatory to lord Somers, and another to Prince Posterity, with a pleasant preface; and interlarded it with one digression concerning criticks, and another in the modern kind; a third in praise of digressions, and a fourth in praise of madness; (with which he was not unacquainted;) concludes the book with a fragment, which the first author made, and intended should have come in about the middle of the Tale, as a preliminary to Jack's character.

" Having thus shown the reasons of the little order observed in the book, and the imperfectness of the Tale: it is so submitted to the reader's censure.

" Thomas

Digitized by Google

"Thomas Swift is grandson to sir William Davenant*; Jonathan Swift is cousin-german to Thomas; both retainers to sir William Temple."

Early in 1710 a new edition of the "Tale of a Tub" was in great forwardness. The Author's Apology, dated June 3, 1709, had been some time in the bookseller's possession; and the cuts (then first added) were delayed, for sir Andrew Fountaine's approbation of the designs. In a letter to Ben Tooke from Dublin, June 29, 1710, Jonathan complains much of the liberty taken with his character in the Key: talks of trying to obtain redress; and adds,—"I cannot but think, that little Parson Cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some parts of, &c. [N. B.] and he showing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad; he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him; I think you ought to tell him gravely; that if he be the Author, he should set his name to the &c. and rally him a little upon it, and tell him; if he can explain some things, you will (if he pleases) set *his* name to the next edition. I should be glad to see how far *the foolish impudence of a Dunce* could go. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of *the thing* you sent me." This he performed; in a single page of Postscript to the Apology. To Dr. Swift's letter, Ben Tooke

* The celebrated author of Gondibert. He was born in 1605; succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureat in 1637; was knighted in 1643; was, for his loyalty, imprisoned in the Tower in 1651, and saved his life by the intercession of Milton and some others. After the Restoration, he obtained a patent for a play-house; and died April 17, 1668. N.

answered,

Digitized by Google

answered, July 10; " As to that Cousin of yours, which you speak of: I neither know him; nor ever heard of him, till the Key mentioned him." Thus, we see, Thomas envied his Cousin the reputation of this performance*: and speaks of him contemptuously enough; as knowing little of his own profession, Divinity; and as little better than *mad:* but Jonathan is even with him. And the world seems to be of Jonathan's side; and to know nothing of Thomas†. Lord Oxford, when he wanted to teaze or provoke Jonathan, affected to call him *Thomas* ‡. The latter seems to have had no correspondence with the former.

* The " Tale of a Tub" is a sort of Hudibras in prose, but quite an original; and has all the merit of Rabelais, without any of his weaknesses. There is throughout the whole a mighty fund of good sense, a strong glow of true wit and masculine satire, accompanied with a kind of humour so singularly pleasant, that no cynick can avoid smiling who reads it. N.

† He died in May 1752, in his 87th year. N.

‡ See frequent instances in the Journal to Stella. N.

ANALYTICAL

Digitized by Google

# ANALYTICAL TABLE.

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

THE TALE approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696; eight years before it was published. The Author's intention, when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The Clergy have no reason to dislike it. The Author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself; of examining some publications, that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an Author, who had so industriously concealed himself. The Letter on Enthusiasm* ascribed by several to the same Author. If the abuses in Law or Physick had been the subject of this treatise; the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal, than the Clergy. The passages, which appear most liable to objection, are parodies. The Author entirely innocent of any in-

* This celebrated Letter, which was generally supposed to have been written by Dr. Swift; and by him, with as little foundation, ascribed to his friend colonel Hunter; was the production of the noble Author of the "Characteristics;" in which collection it holds the foremost rank. It was first published by J. Morphew in 1708; bears date in September 1707; and was written with a view to the French Prophets, whose enthusiastick extravagances were then at the greatest height. N.

tention

Digitized by Google

tention of glancing at those tenets of Religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different, when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr. Wotton. The manner in which the TALE was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the Author intended; being the groundwork of a much larger discourse*. The oaths of Peter why introduced. The severest strokes of Satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and Humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either, think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.

P. S. The Author of the Key wrong, in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the Author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION TO LORD SOMERS:

How he finds out that Lord to be a Patron in-

* In several parts of the Apology, the Author dwells much on the circumstances of the book having been published, while his original papers were out of his own possession. Three editions were printed in the year 1704; a fourth, corrected, in 1705. N

tended

Digitized by Google

tended by his Author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their Patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER:

Tells how long he has had these papers; when they were written, and why he publishes them now.

THE DEDICATION TO POSTERITY:

The Author, apprehending that Time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern Authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses Posterity in favour of his contemporaries; assures him, they abound in wit and learning, and books; and for instance mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.

PREFACE.

The Occasion and Design of this Work.

Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern Prefaces. Modern Wit how delicate. Method for penetrating into an Author's thoughts.

Complaints of every Writer against the multitude of Writers, like the fat fellow's in a crowd. Our Author insists on the common privilege of Writers; to be favourably explained, when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This treatise without satire: and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire, than panegyrick; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England,



Digitized by Google

as to general and particular satire. The Author designs a panegyrick on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

Sect. I. The Introduction. A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorial machines. Of the bar and the bench. The Author fond of the number Three; promises a panegyrick on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason, why those machines are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of Authors.

An apologetical dissertation for the Grub-street Writers, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will's. Superficial Readers cannot easily find out Wisdom; which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of Grub-street authors; as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr. Faustus, Whittington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pots, and The Wise Men of Gotham. The Author's pen and person worn out in serving the state. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.

Sect. II. Tale of a Tub. Of a Father and his Three Sons. His will and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning: and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect, who adored their creator the taylor. Of their idol, and their system. The three brother's follow the mode, against their father's will; and get shoulder-knots, by help of distinctions; gold-lace, by help of tradition; flame-coloured

Digitized by Google

loured satin lining, by means of a supposed codicil; silver fringe, by virtue of critical interpretation; and embroidery of Indian figures, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his death turned out his children, and took in his own brothers in their stead.

SECT. III. A DIGRESSION concerning Criticks. Three sorts of Criticks; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of Criticks' genealogy; office; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who represents them by Asses browzing on vines; and Herodotus, by Asses with horns; and by an Ass, that frightened a Scythian army; and Diodorus, by a Poisonous Weed; and Ctesias, by Serpents that poison with their vomit; and Terence, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true Critick compared to a Taylor; and to a true Beggar. Three characteristicks of a true modern Critick.

SECT. IV. TALE OF A TUB continued. Peter assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The Author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-office. Fourth, an Insurance Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brothers' wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies; of a Cow's milk, that would fill 3000 churches; of a Sign-post, as large as a man of war; of a House that travelled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will; break

Digitized by Google

break open the cellar-door; and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.

SECT. V. A DIGRESSION in the modern kind. Our Author expatiates on his great pains to serve the publick by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the Author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket-volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our Author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings, by modern examples.

SECT. VI. TALE OF A TUB continued. The Two brothers ejected agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names; and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously, in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the same pitch; but not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of Æolists.

SECT. VII. A DIGRESSION in praise of Digressions. Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned; 1. by learning Titles; 2. by reading Indexes. Advantages of this last: and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

SECT. VIII. TALE OF A TUB continued. System of the Æolists; they hold wind, or spirit, to be the



Digitized by Google

origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth animas attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from Σκοτία. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a Deity, fittest to form a Devil. Two Devils dreaded by the Æolists. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

SECT. IX. DISSERTATION ON MADNESS. Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of Henry IV, who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV, whose great actions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr. Wotton's fatal mistake, in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the publick.

SECT. X. The Author's compliments to the Readers. Great civilities practised between the Authors and Readers; and our Author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied Authors and Booksellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler, our Author is afraid of; and therefore desires Dr. Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one

Digitized by Google

one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of Readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample Commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of Commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the Commentators of this Treatise.

SECT. XI. THE TALE OF A TUB continued. The Author, not in haste to be at home, shows the difference between a traveller weary or in haste, and another in good plight that takes his pleasure and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures: his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it: His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to musick and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning, and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extremes, where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his Readers so long. The rest of the story last, &c.

THE CONCLUSION. Of the proper Seasons for publishing books. Of profound Writers. Of the ghost of Wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the Author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason the lacquies of Invention. Our Author's great collection of Flowers of little use till now.



Digitized by Google

## A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

THE Author at a loss what title to give this piece, finds after much pains that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be most in vogue. Of modern excuses for haste and negligence, *&c.*

SECT. I. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to Heaven by an Ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man. That talent of bringing his rider to Heaven the subject of this Discourse: but for Ass and Rider the Author uses the synonymous terms of Enlightened Teacher and Fanatick Hearer. A tincture of Enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in Religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is Mechanical and Artificial is treated of by our Author. Though Art oftentimes changes into Nature: examples in the Scythian Longheads and English Roundheads. Sense and Reason must be laid aside, to let this Spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending upon the Apostles, make not against this Spirit that arises within. The methods by which the Assembly helps to work up this Spirit, jointly with the Preacher.

SECT. II. How some worship a good Being, others an evil. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted night-caps, to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense in the operations of

Digitized by Google

of the Spirit, as in Musick. Inward light consists of theological monosyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hawking, spitting, and belching. The Author to publish an Essay on the Art of Canting. Of speaking through the nose, or snuffling: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like lanterns, have a sorry sooty outside. Fanaticism deduced from the Ancients, in their Orgies, Bacchanals, &c. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanaticks of the first centuries, and those of later times generally agree in the same principles, of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

## The Battle of the Books.

The Preface informs us, this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between sir William Temple and the earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr. Wotton and Bentley on the other.

War and Invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus; and desire them to surrender it, or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients not accepted. A war ensues, in which rivulets of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophies, books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits; though often bound to the peace in Libraries. The Author's advice in this case neglected: which occasions a terrible fight in St. James's Library. Dr. Bentley, the Library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns,

Digitized by Google

Moderns, finding themselves 50,000 strong, gave the Ancients ill language. Temple, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel between a Bee and a Spider; with their arguments on both sides. Æsop applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupiter calls a Council of the Gods, and consults the book of Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company is described. She arrives; and sheds her influence on her son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus engages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills Descartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham and Wesley*, Perrault† and Fontenelle‡. Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and, meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

* Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormesby and Epworth, in Lincolnshire. He died April 25, 1735. N.

† Charles Perrault, author of a poem entitled, "Le Siécle de Louis le Grand," in which the modern authors are exalted above the ancient; and of several other curious works. He was born in 1626, and died in 1703. He had three brothers; who were all likewise writers of eminence. N.

‡ The celebrated author of the Plurality of Worlds; who died in 1756, when he wanted only a few days of completing his hundredth year. N.

THE

Digitized by Google

# THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

*June* 3, 1709.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this Apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse has met with, that those who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taste: yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, beside many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite Author of a late Discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some Apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say *real* ones, because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning,

Digitized by Google

ing, might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated, with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion, he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse: those in learning, he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers, for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church, be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since

Digitized by Google

since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the Church of England, as the most perfect of all others, in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentment lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on; *nondum tibi defuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrours, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errours, ignorance, dullness,

Digitized by Google

dulness, and villany he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be affected by them, would soon lay them aside and be ashamed: but he has now given over those thoughts; since the weightiest* men, in the weightiest stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point, to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations, wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a step farther, and pronounced another book* to have been the work of the same hand with this, which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physick, he believes the learned profession in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains: especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but Religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the

* Alluding to Abp. Sharpe's representation of the author. H.
† The "Letter on Enthusiasm." See p. 172. N.

world.

Digitized by Google

world, that Religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at, who having spent their lives in faction, and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of *his merits and sufferings*, and thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience*; in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application: but this is enough to direct those, who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests, he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all Church-of-England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points,

Digitized by Google

points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony though the thread of the whole book, which the men of taste will observe and distinguish; and which will render some objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of these answerers immediately started up, whose memory if he had not kept

Digitized by Google

kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown, that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker *, with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found †: but these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen, who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections. And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as

* Parker, afterwards bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the dissenters, "with insolence and contempt," says Burnet, "that enraged them beyond measure;" for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvell, under-secretary to Milton, in a little book called "The Rehearsal transprosed." H.

† Boyle's "Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris." H,

from

Digitized by Google

from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which, otherwise, might be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour, a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgotten, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title *.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation †; in the latter of which he has generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his

* "This," says Swift very gravely, "we cannot recover at present, it being absolutely forgotten, the oldest booksellers in trade know nothing of it." The title was, "Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; to which are annexed, Mully of Mountown, and Orpheus and Eurydice. By the Author of the journey to London, 1704," 8vo. It is inserted in the first volume of Dr. King's Works, 1776, p. 209. N.

† Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Antient and Modern Learning. From the annotations are selected the notes signed *W. Wotton*. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself; as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat. W. B.



Digitized by Google

pamphlet, several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed, how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist*, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æsop. H.

This

Digitized by Google

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending; farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions, in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the publick, by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are

Digitized by Google

are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham *. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own, is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his *Alsatia* † phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory, as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words; "I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's Library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember

* Villiers, the second duke. H.

† The nick-name of White Fryars. See p. 198. N.



Digitized by Google

not." In which passage there are two clauses observable: *I have been assured*; and, *if I misremember not.* I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critick. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis.* Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none

Digitized by Google

none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the "Tale of a Tub," wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the publick, and hath given very fair conjectures toward clearing up some difficult passages; but, it is the frequent errour of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby*, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull, unwieldly, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the sake of superiour beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classick authors for the use of schoolboys. N.



Digitized by Google

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in publick. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day, with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact; of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared: but he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy, there were not so many

Digitized by Google

many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing has been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those, that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called "A Fragment;" which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a sufficient surprize to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse; and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed: and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the popish folly of cursing people to Hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these

Digitized by Google

these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire in his book, are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topicks, of which there is a remarkable instance in the 156th and 157th pages, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages, which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit has any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs, was first borrowed from the bullies in White Fryars*; then fell among the footmen; and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematicks; but if this bantering, as they call it, be so despisable a

* See p. 193. N.

thing,

Digitized by Google

thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch toward it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse he says, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude; with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the publick or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentleman to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

POSTSCRIPT

Digitized by Google

## POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of "Notes on the Tale of a Tub," with some account of the author; and with an insolence, which I suppose is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman, who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties, besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

*Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses; which will be speedily published.*

A character of the present set of wits in this island.

A panegyrical essay upon the number Three.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of Grub-street.

Lectures

Digitized by Google

Lectures upon a dissection of Human Nature.

A panegyrick upon the World.

An analytical discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physi-logically* considered.

A general history of Ears.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the Rabble in all ages.

A description of the Kingdom of Absurdities*.

A voyage into England, by a person of quality in *terra australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of Canting, philsophically, physically, and musically considered.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My Lord,

Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to: a

* As a part of this description, the following sketches are copied from Swift's own hand-writing: "In the Kingdom of Absurdities. The bells of glass, with iron clappers. The houses of gun-powder; and as they are apt to get drunk, they leave candles lighting, so that they have fires very frequently. The children always die there before their parents. There is a sort of flying insect in their jakes, which has cruel teeth, and is fond of human testicles; so that when a man goes there upon his occasions, it is forty to one but he comes away without them. Nothing is so easy as to destroy those animals; and yet ask the reason, why they do it not? they say, It was their ancestors custom of old." N.

person

Digitized by Google

person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery, which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language). I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished



Digitized by Google it

t thus, "Let it be given to the worthiest:" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard-by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, "that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at;" and at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him however to give a second guess; "Why then," said he, "it must be I, or my lord Somers." From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, that those to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted* in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyrick upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days, they brought me ten sheets of paper,

* *Very unacquainted* in, &c. is an impropriety of speech; it should be, 'very little acquainted with,' &c. S.

filled

Digitized by Google

filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine, stole and transcribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself, as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loss; but, I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person beside your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria*; or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysicks*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other

Digitized by Google

other common topicks; I confess I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a publick or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world *; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light †.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly

* This distinguished lawyer was born at Worcester in 1652. He was first taken notice of at the trial of the Seven Bishops, for whom he was one of the counsel; and it may be here not improperly observed, that all the counsel for the bishops were men of uncommon eminence in their profession. Mr. Somers, in particular, displayed an eloquence on that occasion, worthy of Athens or Rome, when they produced their most finished orators; and an honest zeal for liberty, no less worthy of those republicks, when they produced their most distinguished patriots. Soon after the accession of king William, he was appointed solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood. He was made attorney-general in April 1692; and lord keeper in March following. In 1697, he was created lord Somers, baron of Evesham, and made lord chancellor of England; from which post he was removed in 1700, and in 1701 was impeached by the commons, but acquitted on his trial by the lords. He then applied himself to study; and was chosen president of the Royal Society. In 1706, he projected the Union; in 1708, was made president of the council, whence he was removed at the change in 1710. Towards the latter end of queen Anne's reign, he grew very infirm; which probably was the reason why he had no other post than a seat at the council-table on the accession of king George I. He died of an apoplectick fit, April 26, 1716, after having for some time unfortunately survived the powers of his understanding. N.

† See the Journal to Stella, Jan. 24, 1710-11. N.

because

Digitized by Google

because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign*; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measure; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
and most faithful servant,
THE BOOKSELLER.

## THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years† since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelve-month after they were written: for, the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he

* King William's; whose memory he defended in the House of Lords against some invidious reflections of the earl of Nottingham. H.

† The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704. H.

Digitized by Google has

has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears, they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction: however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would in this unbelieving age pass for little more than the cant, or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore on two accounts; first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy*, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, la Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

* See the Apology, p. 196. N.



Digitized by Google

## THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

# PRINCE POSTERITY*.

SIR, *December*, 1697.

I HERE present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuge of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were

* It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be ashamed of, H.

enough

Digitized by Google

enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less* unlimited than yours; but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall† come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious, to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor, upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him

* There is a solecism in this expression of—'less unlimited'—what is boundless can admit of no degrees. It should be 'less extensive.' S.

† This is ungrammatical: it ought to have been written, 'Shall have come to riper years, and gone through,' &c. 'Or, shall come to riper years, and shall have gone through,' &c.' S.



Digitized by Google

to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking your highness, "where they are? and what is become of them?" and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. "Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is there very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——?" But that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible sithe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be possible, for any mortal ink and paper of this generation, to make a suitable resistance. O! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais* *, of his

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*, till Charles Martell the last mayor put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand. H.

furious

Digitized by Google

furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* *.

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumpsion.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of Poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must by

* Out of guardianship. H.



Digitized by Google

an

an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers may be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present to your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon *all gates and corners of streets**; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places: I inquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I inquired in vain, the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies, of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear, another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a

* "Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Dî, non concessêre columnæ."
Hor. de Arte Poeticâ, ver. 372. *MS. Pate.*

few

Digitized by Google

few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and position; new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography, and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question: "What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend?" What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden**, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both

* See the note on Swift's Ode to the Athenian Society, in vol. XVI. of this edition. N.

Digitized by Google

himself

himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentick copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one *Mr. Rymer*, and one *Mr. Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled *Dr. Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller*: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton, B. D.* who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor† (from whom alas he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just elogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

* Bentley, in his controversy with lord Orrery upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has giving, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS. H.

† Sir William Temple. H.

Digitized by Google In

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies*.

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last out-shine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of, SIR,

Your Highness's most devoted, &c.

## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

*August*, 1697.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France. H.

Digitized by Google

immediate

immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer; that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised: the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth *. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty: when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work; into the secret of

* So Horace, lib. I, Od. xiv,
"O Navis! referent in mare te novi
"Fluctus?" *MS. Pate.*

which

Digitized by Google

which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons *: which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits, in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies, to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed: to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is first, a large pæderastic school, with French and Italian masters. There is, also, the spelling school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses: the school of swearing: the school of criticks: the school of salivation: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poetry: the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principle duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so, my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise

* The number of livings in England. *MS. Pate*

Digitized by Google

the

the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio**. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study†, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning: any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-Garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because, I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of

* Horace.—Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before. H.

† Reading prefaces, &c. H.

Digitized by Google

provision

provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime, throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon evey important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewedst pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physick, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom,

Digitized by Google

custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus;

"For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with," &c.

Another;

"The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester," &c.

Another;

"When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists," &c.

Another;

"To observe what trash the press swarms with," &c.

Another;

"Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the publick; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers," &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from

Digitized by Google

from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-Fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together: z—ds, what squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you," said he, "for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase, than any five here? is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefits whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt: particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pen-

sion

Digitized by Google

sion paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity;" which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point, wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the publick much at the rate, that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline; first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most, of our late satirists seem to lie under, a sort of mistake, that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers;

Digitized by Google

writers; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the preeminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch * of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed †. Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten to bite, ‡ are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talent I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyrick will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order,

* James I. *MS. Pate.*

† Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

‡ 'Are best, of all others, qualified,' &c. Here the disjunction of the word 'best' from the word 'qualified' makes the sentence uncouth; which would run better thus—'Are, of all others, best qualified,' &c. S.



Digitized by Google

that fame and honour should be purchased at a better penny-worth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topicks, without the smallest tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those, who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for the materials of panegyrick, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero, or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round; but the reader quickly finds it is all pork *, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our

* Plutarch.

ideas;

Digitized by Google

ideas; and when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyrick were as fruitful as the topicks of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received, than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing: but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attick commonwealth *, it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in publick, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetorick against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that

* See Xenophon.



Digitized by Google

we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemick as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;" with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis* *. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in publick, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principal of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench †: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no

* Horace.—Spleen.

† Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to adjudge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time: but I cannot fix the person intended here. *Original.*

purpose;

Digitized by Google

purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject, wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials toward A Panegyrick upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of Appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestick misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this Preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries, that ensue*.

A TALE

* "Of this work charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. When it



Digitized by Google

# A TALE OF A TUB.

" Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur."

## SECT. I.

### THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number, as of hell;

——— *evadere ad auras,*
*Hoc opus, hic labor est* *. VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of struc-

first raised the attention of the publick, Sacheverell meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author: but Smalridge answered with indignation, " Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that we ever shall have, should hire me to write the *Tale of a Tub.*" JOHNSON.

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

tures

Digitized by Google

tures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods, that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a prominency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the

repose

Digitized by Google

repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers, and great clerks, whose chief art in division, has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genius and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that, which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE*.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only

* Seven times seven, and seven times nine, the two climacterick. *MS. Pate.*

that

Digitized by Google

that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia**, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and best of all without cover (for, by ancient rule it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practices and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches†; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton‡, has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

That last engine of orators is the stage itinerant§,

* Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

† Paul Lorraine's papers, then ordinary of Newgate. *MS. Pate.*

‡ In whose "Life and Errors" are many curious and valuable anecdotes. N.

§ The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the gallows, or a conventicle. H.

erected

Digitized by Google

erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis & quadriviis* *. It is the great seminary of the two former; and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in publick, there is of necessity required a superiour position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus †, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,*
*Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus* ‡.

Lucr. lib. iv.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be

* In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is. H.

† Lucretius, lib. ii.

‡ " 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every sound." H.

intersected

Digitized by Google

intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith, to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one caries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above-deduced; that whatever weighty matter should be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain criticks, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods, by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency, above the inferiour world. By the pulpit, are adumbrated the writings

Digitized by Google

writings of our *modern saints* in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles*, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder, is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because† * * * * * *Hiatus in MS.*

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, six penny-worth of wit, Westminister drolleries, delightful tales, complete jesters,

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatick preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten. H.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention. H.

and

Digitized by Google

and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his sithe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. It is under this class, I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the common-wealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham*, and of Will's†, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point,

* Gresham college was the place where the Royal Society then met; whence they first removed to Crane-Court, in Fleet-Street; and since to Somerset-Place. N.

† Will's coffee-house in Covent-Garden was formerly the place where the poets usually met, which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation. H.

that

Digitized by Google

that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers; first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair*, including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second. Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God, knows, is very far from being fixed at present: for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and cabalting, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are† extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy,

* *Viz.* About moving the earth. *Original.*

† It should be, 'extremely unwilling,' &c. S.

whose

Digitized by Google

whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies* they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things), has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg: but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies. *Original.*

was

Digitized by Google

was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person, or the parts, of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation, upon the prime productions of our society; which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the history of *Reynard the fox* *, but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally re-

* The author seems here to be mistaken; for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it. H.



Digitized by Google

ceived; nor do I think, any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which, I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion, at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*; he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age*; this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida*: and the marriage between Faustus and Helen, does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

*Whittington and his Cat* is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna†, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

*The Hind and Panther.* This is the master-piece of a famous writer now living‡, intended for a com-

* The chemists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily. H.

† The gemara is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbis: and the misna is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law. H.

‡ *Viz.* In the year 1697. *Original.*

plete

Digitized by Google

plete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

*Tommy Pots.* Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

*The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice.* This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society*.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life†. This indeed is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon popish plots, and meal tubs‡, and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes,

* This I suppose to be understood of Mr. Wotton's discourse of ancient and modern learning. H.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings. H.

‡ In king Charles the Second's time, there was an account of a presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise. H.

and

Digitized by Google

and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend: from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turnings; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions, from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.



Digitized by Google

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles*, having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers†; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

* The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of. *Note by the Author.*

† See Virgil translated, *&c. Original.*—He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons. H.

SECT.

Digitized by Google

## SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife *, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

" Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat †. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will ‡ (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management

* By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack, Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters, are designed. W. WOTTON.

† The Scripture. *MS. Pate.*—By his coats, which he gave his sons, are meant the garment of the Israelites. W. WOTTON. —An errour (with submission) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of christianity, by the wisdom of the divine founder fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. LAMBIN.

‡ The New Testament. H.



Digitized by Google

of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went altogether to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation: the duchess *d'Argent*, madame *de Grands Titres*, and the countess *d'Orgueil**. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon, with great sagacity, guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took

* Their mistresses are the duchess d'Argent, mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the countess d'Orgueil, *i. e.* covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of christianity. W. WOTTON.

snuff:

Digitized by Google

snuff: they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's*, loitered at Will's †: they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there: dined with lords they never saw: whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word: exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality: came ever just from court, and were never seen in it: attended the levee *sub dio:* got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politicks, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town: but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For, about this time it happened a sect arose ‡, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, espe-

* A noted Tavern. N. † See p. 235.

‡ This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion in order to introduce what follows. H.

cially

Digitized by Google

cially in the *grande monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshiped a sort of idol *, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretended to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left hand, beneath the altar, Hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian *Cercopithecus* †. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshiped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshipers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the fol-

* Tailors. *MS. Pate.*

† The Egyptians worshiped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore. H.

lowing

Digitized by Google

lowing fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests every thing: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars: and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white sattin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a *micro-coat**, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to his body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress; to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches; which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both†?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to

* Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers. H.

† This humourous and witty train of ideas was probably suggested from the conscience of Oliver Cromwell, and the breeches on his coin. See Dodsley's Fugitive Pieces, vol. II. p. 17. N.

proceed

Digitized by Google

proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the streets, fill up parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of clothes*, or *dresses*, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called *a lord-mayor*: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them *a judge*; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black sattin we intitle *a bishop*.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by Scripture, because, in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great

Digitized by Google

great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery, was sheer wit; gold fringe, was agreeable conversation; gold lace, was repartee; a huge long periwig, was humour; and a coat full of powder, was very good raillery: all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise,

Digitized by Google

precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up*: straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots†. "That fellow," cries one, "has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?" Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-house, the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called

* The first part of the Tale is the history of Peter; thereby popery is exposed: every body knows the papists have made great additions to christianity, that indeed is the great exception which the church of England makes against them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat. W. WOTTON.

His description of the cloth, of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import; "The "coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth, and "besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a "piece; but at the same time very plain, with little or no or-"nament." This is the distinguishing character of the christian religion: *christiana religio absoluta & simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a heathen. W. WOTTON.

† By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry and unnecessary ornaments in the church; such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a *shoulder-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use. H.

a boat,

Digitized by Google

a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler." If they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale." If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot: what should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. It is true said, he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis,* making mention of shoulder-knots; but I dare conjecture, we may find them *inclusive,* or, *totidem syllabis.* This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he, who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis,* nor *totidem syllabis,* I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo,* or *totidem literis.* This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S,H,O,U,L,D,E,R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate

Digitized by Google

illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any were to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word *Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C. * been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward, he would take care it should be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it intirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace, upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold-lace †: whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of gold-lace, was as scandalous as a — and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there, but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold-lace seemed

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus*; some ancient manuscripts. H.

† I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting Scripture. H.

too

Digitized by Google

too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers," said he, "you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera, nuncupatory* * and *scriptory*; that in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, *conceditur:* but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur.* For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats †, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it."—"By G— that is very true," cries the other ‡. "I remember it perfectly well," said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty

* By this is meant Tradition, allowed by the papists to have equal authority with the Scripture or rather greater. H.

† Traditions about rich vestments for the clergy. *MS. Pate.*

‡ "When the papists cannot find any thing which they want in Scripture, they go to oral tradition: thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occasion for in the will; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis*. W. WOTTON.

sort

Digitized by Google

sort of *flame-coloured sattin* * for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: "An please your worships," said he, "my lord Conway and Sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to morrow morning at ten a clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will, *to take care of fire*, and *put out their candles before they went to sleep* †. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal) says he that was the scholar, "I remember

* This is Purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to show how Scripture was perverted to prove it, which was done, by giving equal authority with the canon to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed. It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers' dresses, refers to some particular errour in the church of Rome, though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of flame-coloured sattin, is manifestly intended Purgatory: by gold-lace may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me; but the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child. H.

† That is, to take care of Hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts. H.



Digitized by Google

to have read in wills of a *codicil annexed*, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil *: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously; I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's †, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very *flame-coloured sattin*." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the sattin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy all covered with *silver fringe* ‡, and according to the laudable custom gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; Item, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of *silver fringe* upon or about their said coats, &c. with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a *broom-stick* §: and

* Apocrypha. *MS. Pate.*

† That part of the Apocrypha, where mention is made of Tobit and his dog. H.

‡ Habits of the clergy. *MS. Pate.*

§ The next subject of our author's wit, is the glosses and interpretations

Digitized by Google

and doubless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet *silver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a *broom-stick:* but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a *broom-stick* on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of *silver fringe.*

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of *embroidery**, with *Indian figures of men, women, and children*†. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than any

terpretations of Scripture; very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentick books of the church of Rome. W. WOTTON.

* Image worship. *MS. Pate.*

† The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour an infant. H.

Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, the brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. W. WOTTON.

body

Digitized by Google

body else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, " that these figures were not at all the same with those, that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense, as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the publick. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*."

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastick brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to *lock up* their father's will in *a strong box* *, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy*, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, most of them *tagged with silver:* upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, " that *points* were absolutely

* The papists formerly forbad the people the use of Scripture in the vulgar tongue: Peter therefore locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy: these countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentick edition of the Bible in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. W. WOTTON.

† The popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in Scripture, and

 are

Digitized by Google

lutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for publick emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*." This was understood for canonical, and therefore on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour from a certain lord*, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself, and his heirs†: upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead‡.

SECT.

are unknown to the primitive church: Peter, accordingly, pronounces *ex cathedra*, that points tagged with silver were absolutely *jure paterno*, and so they wore them in great numbers. W. WOTTON.

* This was Constantine the Great, from whom the popes pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have never been able to produce. H.

† Thus the Pope, upon the decease of the duke of Ferrara without lawful isue, seized the dutchy, as falling to the holy see, *jure divino*. *MS. Pate.*

‡ The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome, at first, by the favour of emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Constantine the Great, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this,

Digitized by Google

## SECT. III.

### A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICKS*.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an errour, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the criticks. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make bold, humbly to present them with a short account of themselves, and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word *Critick*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term were understood, such persons as invented or drew up rules for them-

this, Peter, having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c. W. WOTTON.

* The several digressions are written in rididucle of bad criticks, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grub-street philosophers. ORRERY.



Digitized by Google

selves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter, or of style, from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errours and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or taking its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critick in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critick, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men, that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *Critick* have been meant, the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two, have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITICK, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every *true Critick* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat

Digitized by Google

bégat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the *Criticks*, from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroick virtue itself, has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. Hercules most generously did, and has upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the publick good of learning, than every *true Critick*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character, should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *Criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to heroick virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine *Critick*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those

Digitized by Google

those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errours, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true *Critick:* that he is discoverer and collector of writers faults; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, that the ideas of the authors, have been altogether conversant and taken up, with the faults and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the *criticisms*, themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *Critick*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those, who argue from the silence and permission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticism*, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently, that the *Criticks* of Great Britain and France, have no title to an original so ancient

Digitized by Google

ancient, and illustrious, as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true Critick*, agreeable * to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, born a part in this general errour †; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns; whose most edifying volumes, I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country; these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them ‡. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows, how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all

* Swift often uses the adjective instead of the adverb; it should have been 'agreeably to,' &c. S.

† This is ungrammatical; the proper mode of expressing here, would be, 'I confess that I have, for a long time, born a part,' &c. S.

‡ See Wotton of ancient and modern learning. *Note by the Author.*

this,

Digitized by Google

this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire, or panegyrick upon the *true Criticks*, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now, in the common-places of both these, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here, I found, to my great surprize, that, although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true Critick*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphick. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true Critick*, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader, of a modern eye and taste, could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

'It well deserves considering*, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon this subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph,

* This expression is faulty; it should be, 'It well deserves to be considered:' or, 'it well deserves consideration,' &c. S.

varying

Digitized by Google

varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct* was entirely owing to the institution of *Criticks*; and that he can possibly mean no other than the *true Critick*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browzed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the *true Criticks*, of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of *Libya*, there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias† yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so

* 'Correct,' for 'correctly.' S.

† Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium. *Original.*

potent

Digitized by Google

potent and so terrible, as the criticks of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens, at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panick terrour by the braying of an ASS. From hence* it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true Critick*, by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time, those authors, who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *true Criticks* of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation;

> *Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
> *Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare* †.
>
> Lib. vi.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a

* 'From hence,' frequently used by our author, as well as, 'from thence,' and 'from whence,' are improper phrases, as the preposition 'from' is included in each of those words. 'Hence,' signifying *from this*; 'thence,' *from that*; and 'whence,' *from which*. S.

† Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grows trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill. H.

great

Digitized by Google

great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the *true Criticks* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those, who deny the antiquity of the *true Criticks*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains, where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of *Criticks*, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyroes or junior scholars; yet, because of their different employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students, was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Flushed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough, for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critick has one quality in common with a whore, and an alderman, never to change his

Digitized by Google

his title or his nature; that a gray critick, has been certainly a green one, the perfections, and acquirements of his age, being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the *true Criticks*, was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he, that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of criticks; and, withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critick is a sort of mechanick, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expence as a taylor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils, and abilities of both: that the taylor's hell is the type of a critick's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near* of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be

* Near, for nearly. S.

a falsehood;

Digitized by Google

a falsehood: for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critick's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critick, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author*, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of criticks, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of criticks, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critick, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflection from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a *Critick*, will not require a particular mention, being included, or

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c. *Original.*

easily

Digitized by Google

easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristicks to distinguish a *true modern Critick* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that *Criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the *Critick's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the *true Criticks* are known, by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a *true Critick*, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most, when there are the fewest bones *.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern Criticks*; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like † to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage at

* And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd. CONGREVE. *MS. Pate.*

† 'Like,' for 'likely.' S.

their

Digitized by Google

their hands. Supported by which expectations, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures, already so happily begun.

## SECT. IV.

### A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his ideas, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien, being so much altered.

He told his brothers, "he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him *Brother*, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *my Lord* PETER. To support his grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice



Digitized by Google

at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the publick, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth, is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter, was, to purchase a *large continent*, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita**. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth, from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said con-

* The West Indies, sold by the Pope to the king of Spain. *MS. Pate.*

tinent

Digitized by Google

tinent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for *the worms**, especially those in the spleen †. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights ‡: as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lay on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object: and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whispering-office* §, for the publick good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colick; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind ‖. An ass's head was placed so conve-

* Fasting days in Lent. *MS. Pate.*

† Penance and absolution are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen, which by observing Peter's prescription would void insensibly by perspiration ascending through the brain, &c. W. WOTTON.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penance in the church of Rome, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly. H.

§ Confession. *MS. Pate.*

‖ By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the ass's head. W. WOTTON.



Digitized by Google

niently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, *an office of insurance* for tobacco-pipes*, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, ——— and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence, our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one, and the other, have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the publick.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows*†; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous *universal pickle*‡. For having remarked how your common pickle§, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens,

* Indulgences. *MS. Pate.*—The gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation. H.

† Ceremonies. *MS. Pate.*

‡ Holy water. *MS. Pate.*—This he calls a universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. W. WOTTON.

§ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles. H.

towns,

Digitized by Google

towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success, but, for its many sovereign virtues, was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder *pimperlimpimp**, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargefaction*†, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of *bulls*‡, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those, that guarded the golden fleece. Though some who pretended to

* And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings. W. WOTTON.

† Sprinkling. H.

‡ The papal bulls are ridiculed by name, so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. W. WOTTON.

Here the author has kept the name, and means the pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead and the seal of the fisherman, and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes tails. H.



Digitized by Google

observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils *; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art: to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers †. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace:

* These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the king. ORRERY.

† These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening Hell and damnation to those princes who offend him. H.

*Varias*

Digitized by Google

*Varias inducere plumas;*
and
*Atrum desinat in piscem.*

For these had *fishes tails* *, yet upon occasion could out-fly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring to fright *naughty boys* †, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount, (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it) an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who, to this very day, usually call sprights and hobgoblins, by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English *bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

* Sub annulo piscatoris. *MS. Pate.*

† That is, kings who incurred his displeasure. H.

I must

Digitized by Google

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his Lordship would return a piece of paper in this form *.

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death; We will and command you upon sight hereof to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble
man's man,
Emperor PETER †."

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who

* This is a copy of general pardon, signed *servus servorum*. H. Absolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apostolicæ*, are jested upon in emperor Peter's letter. W. Wotton.

are

Digitized by Google

are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for publick imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at, if, by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the stangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself *God Almighty* *, and sometimes *Monarch of the Universe*. "I have seen him," says my author, "take three old *high-crowned hats* †, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge *bunch of keys* at his girdle ‡, and an angling-rod in his hand §. In which

* The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles are given him. H.

† The triple-crown. H.

‡ The keys of the church. The church is here taken for the gate

Digitized by Google

which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his *foot* * ; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade* †, was, to kick both their *wives* one morning out of doors ‡, and his own too, and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets §. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers *a drop of drink* to their victuals ||. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises

gate of Heaven; for the keys of Heaven are assumed by the pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." H.

§ The pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. W. WOTTON.

* Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection. W. WOTTON.

† This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of a horse, when you do not expect it. H.

‡ The celibacy of the Romish clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers' wives out of doors. W. WOTTON.

§ "Gravius peccat sacerdos si uxorem ducat, quam si domi concubinam foveat." *MS. Pate.*

|| The pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ. H.

of

Digitized by Google

of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plumb-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf: "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plumb-pudding, and custard *: and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and

* Swift, who formed himself on Rabelais, has here exactly copied the famous speech of Panurge. Rabelais, like Swift, loved politicks. See his letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, embassador of Francis I. to pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many passages, the *Literæ Virorum Obscurorum*.—It is surprizing that Rabelais, whose book is the most cutting satire on the Pope, the Church, and the principal events of his time, should have escaped severe censure and punishment. Garagantuas is decisively Francis I.; Louis XII. is Grand Gousier; Henry II. is Pantagruel; and Charles V. Pierocole. Voltaire called Swift, for writing the Tale of a Tub, "Rabelais in his senses." Scarron had a master named J. Moreau, who wrote in Heroic verse a comic poem called The Pigmeid; which Scarron copied in his Gigantomachei. Had Swift ever seen these poems, which bear so near a resemblance to his Liliput and Brobdignac? DR. WARTON.

spare

Digitized by Google

spare not; here is excellent good *mutton* *; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My Lord," said he, "I doubt with great submission, there may be some mistake."—"What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with."—"None in the world, my Lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about *mutton*, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart."—"How," said Peter, appearing in great surprize, "I do not comprehend this at all."—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; "My Lord," said he, "my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordship has promised us to dinner."—"Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if *you* there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder."—"What then, my Lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while."—"Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed

* Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and according to the popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton. W. WOTTON.

to

Digitized by Google

to relish it at present." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance. "By G—, my Lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but *a crust of bread.*" Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of *mutton* in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a *twelve-penny loaf.*"—"Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, "to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, good, natural *mutton* as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake, as hastily as they could. "Why truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration.—" "Ay," says the other interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason."—"Very well," said Peter; "here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, "they would be glad to pledge his Lordship." "That you shall," said Peter; "I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a piece for you: it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintners brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them "drink it off, and not be

Digitized by Google

be bashful, for it would do them no hurt." The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *rupture**, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another Section.

However it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme† wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an errour. Besides, he had an abominable faculty, of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions‡, and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to Hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a *cow*§ at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as

* By this rupture is meant the reformation. H.

† 'Extreme,' for 'extremely.' S.

‡ Infallibility. *MS. Pate.*

§ The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk among the papists, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches. W. Wotton.



Digitized by Google

would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another sime he was telling of an old *sign post* *, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, "Z——ds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? by G—, I saw *a large house of lime and stone* †, travel over sea and land ‡, (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, "by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the d—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, "he was no better than a knave." And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this

* By the sign-post is meant the cross of our Blessed Saviour; and, if all the wood that is shown for parts of it was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm. H.

† The chapel of Loretto. *MS. Pate.*—He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in slavery, our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it. W. Wotton.

‡ The chapel of Loretto, travelled from the Holy Land to Italy. H.

request,

Digitized by Google

request, he called them "damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors," and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will* *, and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprize was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink* †, to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their *concubines*, and send for their *wives* ‡; While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief, that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, "he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow, who deserved to be hanged much better than his client;" and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining *a pardon from the king* §. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes

* Translated the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. H.

† Administered the cup to the laity at the Communion. H.

‡ Allowed the marriages of priests. H.

§ Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained. H.

Peter

Digitized by Google

Peter with a file of *dragoons* at his heels *, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat †, by main force very fairly kicked them both *out of doors* ‡, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

## SECT. V.

### A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretray;

*——Quemvis preferre laborem*
*Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human

* By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes, who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers. H.

† It should be, 'here to be repeated.' S.

‡ The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church. H.

nature,

Digitized by Google

nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both *containing* and *contained*; till of last it smelt so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a very complete anatomy thereof, to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the publick good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction, and diversion. And I have farther proved in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate) that as mankind is now disposed, he * receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

* Neither grammar nor custom will allow this mode of expression; the relative, 'he' can never agree with, 'mankind:' it should either be, 'as man is now disposed, he' &c. or 'as mankind are now disposed, they' &c. S.

When

Digitized by Google

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice Town-wits *, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or not: in which point, we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction, from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile †. The method he proposed, was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which after his untimely death I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo mariæ*

* The learned person, here meant by our author, has been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world. *Original.*

† This is an imaginary island, of kin to that, which is called the Painters wives island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map maker. H.



Digitized by Google

infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S. together with three pints of *Lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed, for one and twenty days. Then you begin your catholick treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quædams*, *florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errours, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge *, human, divine, political, and mechanick; it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For,

* Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. *Xenoph. in conviv. Original.*



Digitized by Google

first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica* *. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.* His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanicks. For, having read his writings with the utmost application, usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a saveall. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England †. A defect, indeed, for which both he, and all the ancients, stand most justly censured, by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, bachelor of divinity, in his incomparable treatise of ancient and modern learning: a book, never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of

* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name as I remember, Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry More. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language. *Original.*

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter) in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, *&c.* among those parts of knowledge, wherein we excel the ancients. H.



Digitized by Google

the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my publick acknowledgements, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of *the compass*, of *gunpowder*, and *the circulation of the blood:* but, I challenge any of his admirers to show me, in all his writings, a complete account of *the spleen*; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political wagering?* What can be more defective and unsatisfactory, than his long dissertation upon *tea?* And as to his method of *salivation without mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all, that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries,

Digitized by Google

coveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for *smatterers*, or the art of being *deep-learned*, and *shallow-read*. A curious invention about *mouse-traps*. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own *carver*; together with a most useful engine for *catching of owls*. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on, in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing: because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded, among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the publick, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold of that great and honourable privilege, of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotick power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the *preface* a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion

Digitized by Google

indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a threepence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with this last moving and standing piece of rhetorick; "Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin." Such is exactly the fate at this time of *prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses,* to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, "that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt, or forget it." Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn, many of the yawning readers of our age, do nowadays twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number is * known to proceed criticks and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore having the modern incli-

* It should be, 'are' known, to agree with the following plurals, criticks and wits S.

nation,

Digitized by Google

nation, to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

## SECT. VI.

### A TALE OF A TUB.

We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren *; both, for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this, the world may perceive the difference, between the integrity of

* It should be either, 'with his two brothers,' or, 'with his brethren,' omitting the two. S.

a generous

Digitized by Google

a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter, is observed to adhere close * in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a *noble house*, given him a *title to wear*, and *money to spend*. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures, to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the

* 'Close,' for 'closely.' S.

practice,

Digitized by Google

practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point, Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN *, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs, gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But, here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern, cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age, have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages

* Martin Luther. *MS. Pate.*

† John Calvin. *MS. Pate.*

ago,

Digitized by Google

ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the most antick, you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen: but an infinite quantity of *lace* and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; I mean only those *tagged with silver* *, for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points* †; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred awhile: he knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the *points*, which, being tagged with *silver* ‡, (as we have observed before) the

* Points tagged with silver, are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest into the body of popery. H.

† Dogmas. *MS. Pate.*

‡ Points that bring in gain to the Clergy. *MS. Pate.*

judicious

Digitized by Google

judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sown, to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the *embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children*; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect, of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries, produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which

Digitized by Google

which is perhaps the most significant word, that has been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his *drink**, turned away our *wives*, cheated us of our *fortunes*; palmed his damned *crusts* upon us for *mutton*; and, at last, *kicked us out of doors*; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself, as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more dispatch, than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, al-

* Denieth the cup to the laity; enjoined celibacy to the clergy; transubstantiation. *MS. Pate.*

lowed

Digitized by Google

lowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too hastily, he rent the *main body of his coat* from top to bottom*; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *packthread* and *a skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery:* for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career; "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not, for a hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatick and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, "not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another:" desired him "to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should, by all means, avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good

* Removing Episcopacy, and setting up Presbytery in its room. *MS. Pate.*

and

Digitized by Google

and evil from no other rule, than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father, was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet it was no less penal and strict, in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensible, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction."

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethicks; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastick disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes so much, as a kind of pedantick affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shop-

lifter,

Digitized by Google

lifter, left to the mercy of Exchange-women *; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments † as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed ‡ condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the re-

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the New Exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women, but in Exeter Change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion. H.

† The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs; that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision. H.

‡ Short cloaks. *MS. Pate.*

port

Digitized by Google

port by falling into the oddest whimsies, that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him *Jack the bald**; sometimes *Jack with a lantern*†; sometimes, *Dutch Jack*‡; sometimes, *French Hugh*§; sometimes, *Tom the Beggar* ||; and sometimes *Knocking Jack of the North*¶. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemick sect of Æolists; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK, for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—— *Mellæo contingens cuncta lepore.*

## SECT. VII.

### A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen

* That is, Calvin; from *calvus*, bald. H.

† All those who pretend to inward light. H.

‡ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists. H.

§ The Hugonots. *MS. Pate.*

|| The Gueuses, by which name the Protestants in Flanders were called. H.

¶ John Knox, the reformer of Scotland. H.

a nutshell

Digitized by Google

nutshell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in* soups and olios, fricassees, and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold† to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced, in compliance‡ to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book, are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hand of its own, and

* 'Consisting in,' is not an English phrase; it should be, 'consisting of,' &c. S.

† This is an inaccurate mode of speech frequently used by our author, in omitting the 'as;' it should be 'so bold as to pronounce,' &c. S.

‡ In compliance to—better—'In compliance with,' &c. S.



Digitized by Google

often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared, as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars, and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight

Digitized by Google

sight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony, are content to get in by the back-door. For, the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge, by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood, by the wise man's rule, of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it, with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For, labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age, to gather the fruit.

Now the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them, to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is



Digitized by Google

reckoned, that there is not at this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject, to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetick.

This perhaps may be objected against by those, who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow, that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has born the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented, and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country, was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies *; whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein

* Ctesiæ fragm. apud Photium.

the

Digitized by Google

the beauty of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians *, who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else, that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an inconstestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet criticks, and commentators, and lexicons carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and *observandas*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the sieves and boulters of learning: though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest, and most universal subjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full; and if you will bate him but

* Herodot. L. iv.

the

Digitized by Google

the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but, when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of Purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible, we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress, in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors, can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian* eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, that in the regions, far to the North, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

* Herodot. L. iv.

Digitized by Google The

The necessity of this digression, will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place, as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

## SECT. VIII.

### A TALE OF A TUB.

The learned Æolists * maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath, which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:

*Quod procul à nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.*

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether your please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever. H.

of

Digitized by Google

of our nostrils? whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasions for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principum*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, *Bumbastus* *, of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world, a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four.

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus; he was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus. H.

This

Digitized by Google

This quintessence is of a catholick use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm, the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide* against a storm *. At other times were to be seen several hundred linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies, their vessels. When by these, and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the publick good, a plentiful share of their acquirements, into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them, to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: "Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c. H.

is

Digitized by Google

is nothing but wind.* For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions, by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristick, by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence, to what degree or proportion, the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in a man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave * the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *Latria* †, was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megatopolis in Greece, had likewise in the highest reve-

* It should be, 'given.' S.

† *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. H.



Digitized by Google

rence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* *. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκοτία †, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed; that from a region of the like denomination, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; whence in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present, is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirolus ‡. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels,

* Pausanias, l. viii.

† Darkness, or Scotland. *MS. Pate.*

‡ An author who writ, *De Artibus perditis*, &c. of arts lost, and of arts invented. H.

whereof

Digitized by Google

whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration, from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And, the wind, in breaking forth, deals with the face * as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling; and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise, the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same

* This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastick preachers. H.

influence

Digitized by Google

influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual extacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of *female priests* * is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the sybils.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of infancy, commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near † the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the East into the West; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures, makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea, with its reverse; or, whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray. H.

† 'Near,' for 'nearly.' S.

other

Digitized by Google

other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary; and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that as the most uncivilized parts of mankind, have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power; so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate, as with those, whose bodies are so; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus in the choice of a devil, it has been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with dread, and horrour, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon *, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large in-

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster, mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the *French* name for a windmill. W. Wotton.

fluences

Digitized by Google

fluences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Mouldwarpe*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentick branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented, and traduced, by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For, I think it one of the greatest, and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things

Digitized by Google

things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

## SECT. IX.

### A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT, OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

Nor shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author, as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy *. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions, that have been performed in the world, under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all, to have been persons, whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the preva-

* Credite mihi, anathymiasis si in cerebrum est, in toto corpore fluctum facit. Trimalchio apud Potrenium.—ἀνάθυμίασις vapor est & exhalatio, quæ hic de ventris flatibus intelligenda. *MS. Pate.*

lency

Digitized by Google

lency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles, at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For, great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For, the upper region of man, is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours, (as it has been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince * raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an

* This was Harry the Great of France. H.



Digitized by Google

invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest minister, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon *, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding † curious to learn, whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze; what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine. It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and before emission she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? he tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*; for,

* Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach. H.

† It should be, 'exceedingly.' S.

*Idque*

Digitized by Google

*Idque petit corpus mens, unde est saucia amore:*
*Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.* LUCR.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *semen*, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle, that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince, to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories——

——— *Teterrima belli*
*Causa* ———

The other instance * is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take, and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour, or spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis* †, and gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same

* This is meant of the French king, Lewis XIV. H.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chemistry, tried an expe-



Digitized by Google

riment

same spirits, which, in their superiour progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes n philosophy, and search till we can find, from what faculty of the soul, the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature, these grand innovators have been indebted, for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam; whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For, what man in the natu-

riment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which, when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or western civet, the back parts of man (according to the division mentioned by the author) being the west. H.

ral

Digitized by Google

ral state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power, to reduce the notions of all mankind, exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet, this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantick system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name, beside that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers, do ever fail * providing themselves and their notions, with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for, there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same turning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it;

* This is ungrammatical. It should be, 'do ever fail to provide themselves,' &c. or if the participle be used, it should be, 'do ever fail of providing,' &c. S.

whe ever

Digitized by Google

whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those, who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now) has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere* *. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gen-

* The excellent Translator of Cicero's Familiar Letters observes that Swift has applied a passage in them, *with more humour*, perhaps, *than it was at first conceived*. And yet half the application is founded on a false fact. "In the Tale of a Tub," he says, "*Cicero*, writing to his friend Trebatius in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these very remarkable words, *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.*" Ep. Fam. vii. 10. Would any one think now, that the very next words in *Cicero* shew, that Trebatius did NOT GO into England? And yet it follows, *With how much greater advantage would your noble talents have appeared*, HAD YOU GONE *into* BRITAIN! W. B.

tlemen

Digitized by Google

tlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton: a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the publick, with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence in all ages have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring head, to have been as troubled and muddy, as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind, would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice

Digitized by Google

a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain, can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour *, as to be the sole point of individuation, between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted, that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost propensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain † * * * * * * * * * * * *

*Hic multa desiderantur.* * * * * * * * * * * *

And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion; that if the moderns mean by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties; then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions, that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his rea-

* 'How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
'The greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain.'
GARTH. *MS. Pate.*

† Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter, which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered. H.

sons,

Digitized by Google

sons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties, after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For, cant and vision, are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts, will herd under this short definition; that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame, in his choice * thus determining him, if

* Here, as was observed on a similar occasion, 'his' is very improperly put in agreement with 'mankind;' and what follows is ungrammatical. It ought either to be, 'in his choice's thus determining him;' or, 'in being thus determined in his choice.' S.

Digitized by Google

we

we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which I think, had never been allowed fair usage, either in the world, or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that



Digitized by Google

in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector, can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better

of

Digitized by Google

of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him, who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physick. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with Epicurus content his ideas with the films and images, that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs, for philosophy and reason to lay up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool, among knaves.

But to return to *madness*. It is certain, that according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which, are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which, some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, overhastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address

Digitized by Google

dress is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholick emolument, in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into *a gulf**, thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saver of his country: another, achieves the same enterprize†, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius, with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman, for the good of the publick; but this was nothing else, than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins *Ingenium par negotiis*‡, or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very able undertaking to sir Edward Seymour, sir Christopher Musgrave, sir John Bowles, John Howe, esq. and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be impowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every

* Curtius. *MS. Pate.*
† Empedocles. *MS. Pate.*
‡ Tacitus.

student

Digitized by Google

student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, * * * * * *†, civil, and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have born that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence in his pocket‡, and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta*§ *erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the

† Ecclesiastical. H.

‡ A lawyer's coach-hire. *Note by the Author in* 1697.

§ *Cornutus* is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described in the Vulgar Latin of the Bible. H.

wooden

Digitized by Google

wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing: a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every body, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; "Sir," says he, "give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of *parting with money for a song.*) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose) you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that

of

Digitized by Google

of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member; who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half-squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you "not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt:" to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not further enlarge *.——————Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaus, fidlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled; though it is capable of more than one interpretation. W. WOTTON.

an

Digitized by Google

an acquisition of persons to employ *, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the publick from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human-kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

## SECT. X.

### A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age †, the wonderful civilities that have passed of

* It should be, 'of persons to be employed.' S.

† This first sentence is wholly ungrammatical; it may be thus amended. 'It is an unanswerable argument of the age's being very refined, that wonderful civilities have passed,' &c. S.



Digitized by Google

late years between the nation of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play*, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgement to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majesty and both houses of parliament; to the lords of the king's most honourable privy-council; to the reverend the judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land: but in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham-college, and Warwick lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age, for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded; "why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you may

* This is literally true; as we may observe in the Preface to most plays, Poems, &c. *Original.*



Digitized by Google

see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he "blesses his god, the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop." You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please: "and pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted, for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physick, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: "It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties, as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain



Digitized by Google

paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to*. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *Second parts*; and usually passes under the name of *The Author of the First*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of *saddles*†, and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley; begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of *second part*, must, for my own sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this publick notice, that my resolutions are, to circumscribe within this discourse, the whole stock of matter, I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and

* This mode of placing the preposition at the end of the sentence, however sanctified by custom, and frequently used by our author, is yet very faulty, and offensive to a cultivated ear. It may easily be avoided by placing the preposition before the word to which it properly belongs. Thus, in the above instance, instead of saying, 'whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to,'—if we transpose the particle thus, 'to whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger;' the sentence closes with an important word, in a manner satisfactory to the ear. S.

† Alluding to the trite phrase, 'place the saddle on the right horse.' H.

for

Digitized by Google

for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor; and the *dogs** under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow, to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared, to receive and to relish, the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter: which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diureticks. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former, the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations, for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished,

* By dogs, the author means common injudicious criticks, as he explains it himself before in his Digression upon Criticks. H.

and

Digitized by Google

and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries, on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth: or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase: or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republick of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, Night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful, in the proportion * they are *dark*; and therefore, the true *illuminated*† (that is

* It should be, 'in the proportion that they are dark:' or, 'in proportion as they are dark:' or, still better, 'in proportion to their darkness.' S.

† A name of the Rosicrucians. *MS. Pate.*—These were Fa-

to

Digitized by Google

to say, the *darkest of all*) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them*; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment, upon this wonderful discourse. And first†, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of *O's* multiplied by *seven*, and divided by *nine*. Also, if a devout brother of the *rosy cross*, will pray fervently for *sixty-three* mornings with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription in the second and fifth Section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product, will

natick alchemists, who in search after the great secret had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end: it was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan platonism, Christian quietism, and the Jewish cabbala. Warburton on the Rape of the Lock. H.

* Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant. H.

† This is what the Cabbalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it. *Original.*

plentifully

Digitized by Google

plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé * and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia, et à timore mobilis*; wherein Eugenius Philalethes † hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

## SECT. XI.

### A TALE OF A TUB.

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For, in writing

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of Achamoth, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *basyma cacabasa, &c.* are really in Irenæus, and upon inquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain hereticks, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author. W. Wotton.

† To the treatise mentioned above, p. 118, called Anthropesophia Theomagica, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica*

Digitized by Google

ing, it is, as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there) and his horse be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty: but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow travellers at every step: all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d——n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a

*gica abscondita*, written by the same author, Vaughan, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of Achamoth, or its qualities, so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *à cujus lacrymis, &c.* are, as we have said, transcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road. W. Wotton.



Digitized by Google

hundred *noisy curs* * run barking after him, of which he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge: but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former Section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding, for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemick sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that

* By these are meant what the author, p. 270, calls, the true criticks. H.

height

Digitized by Google

height and latitude, can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be *meat*, *drink*, and *cloth*, to be *the philosopher's stone*, and *the universal medicine*. In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life *." He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrases on all occasions. H.

lap

Digitized by Google

lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder, as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation, ran wholly in the phrase of his will *, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentick phrase for demanding the way to the *back-side*, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed †. Neither was it possible for the united rhetorick of mankind, to prevail with him to make himself clean again: because having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it ‡.

He

* The Protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and composures, more than the Church-of-England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. W. WOTTON.

† Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation.

‡ He would not make himself clean, because having consulted the will (*i. e.* the New Testament) he met with a passage near the bottom, (*i. e.* in the 11th verse of the last Chapter of the Revelations:) 'He which is filthy, let him be filthy still,' which

Digitized by Google

He made it a part of his religion, never to say *grace to his meat* *; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to *eat his victuals like a Christian* †.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to *snap-dragon* ‡, and to the *livid snuffs of a burning candle*, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terrour of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, "that a wise man was his own lantern."

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets: and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one, or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, "that he submitted with

which seemed to forbid it. Whether foisted in by the transcriber, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentick copy of the New Testament. H.

* The slovenly way of receiving the Sacrament among the fanaticks. H.

† This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the Sacrament; so in the lines before which is to be understood of the Dissenters refusing to kneel at the Sacrament. H.

‡ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts. H.

entire

Digitized by Google

entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swingeing fall, or a bloody nose. It was *ordained* *" said he, "some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us country-men, and fellow citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man, with all his foresight about him! besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop, or a film, can wholly disconcert: like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner, and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing, would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me

* Predestination. *MS. Pate.*

notice

Digitized by Google

notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age, or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view; and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco*, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men though dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome bog."

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothick structure upon Salisbury-plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some *roguish trick to play* †, he would

* See Don Quixote, H.

† The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanaticks

Digitized by Google

would *down with his knees, up with his eyes*, and *fall to prayers*, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was, that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way: and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other, all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always *loose and unbuttoned* *, and *clad as thin as possible*, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer *lapped himself close and thick* to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government †, he would make his court for the office of *hangman general*: and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard than *a long prayer* ‡.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that

fanaticks among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers. H.

* They affected differences in habit and behaviour. H.

† They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion. H.

‡ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord, when they resolved to murder the king. H.

called

Digitized by Google

called the stinging of the *tarantula* *; and would run dog-mad at the noise of musick †, especially a pair of bag-pipes. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a State coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no *colours* ‡, but mortally hated all, and upon that account bore a cruel aversion against *painters* §: insomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at *the signs*.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often *leap over head and ears into water* ||, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first, that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears; it was a compound of *sulphur, and balm of Gilead* with a little *pilgrim's salve* **.

He wore a large plaster of artificial causticks on

* Calvin was against church musick. *MS. Pate.*

† This is to expose our dissenters' aversion against instrumental musick in churches. W. Wotton.

‡ He would suffer no paintings in churches. *MS. Pate.*

§ They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England. H.

|| Immersion in baptism. *MS. Pate.*

** Fanatick preaching, composed either of Hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of Heaven; both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve. H.



Digitized by Google

his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of *a good slap in the chaps* *." To another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse; Madam, shall I intreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the publick good. "Observe this stroke," said he, showing his bare shoulders: "a plaguy Janizary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular ef-

* The fanaticks have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer. H.

fects

Digitized by Google

fects of that aversion *, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more fre-

* The papists and fanaticks, though they appear the most averse against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as hath been observed by learned men. *Original.*

The agreement of our dissenters and the papists, in that which bishop Stillingfleet called, the fanaticism of the church of Rome, is ludicrously described, for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it. W. Wotton.



Digitized by Google

quent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, " Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, " Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings, Jack had laboured in so long; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention, which he had proposed to himself; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? however, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted

Digitized by Google

thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
*Desunt non-* * * * * * *
*nulla.* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, "that it is with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears." Yet I think, we may affirm, that it has been verified by repeated experience, that,

*Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus* *.
HOR. Lib. 2. Sat. III. 71.

It is good therefore to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons: for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ:* and how can it be otherwise, when, in the latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag, has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest; why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears

* This wicked Proteus shall escape the chain. FRANCIS.

of

Digitized by Google

of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed. It is true indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears, once more among us. The proportion of largeness, was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the superiour region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferiour: and therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us *, "that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch;" and the females were nothing backwarder, in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescencies, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been marks of grace; but especially, that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which upon that account, he was very

* Lib. de aëre, locis, & aquis.



Digitized by Google

frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth.*

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen *, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard; upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears: which I design very speedily to bestow upon the publick.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles, whereof the six † senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are

* This was King Charles the Second, who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform. H.

† Including Scaliger's. *Original.*

screwed

Digitized by Google

screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained by the aforesaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is, with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprizing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's-bench; and of a reconcilement * between Jack

* In the reign of King James the Second, the Presbyterians, by the king's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the Church

Digitized by Google

Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon *a great horse* *, and eat *custard* †. But the particulars of all these with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friend-

Church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of; but, upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself. H.

* Sir Humphrey Edwin, a Dissenter, when lord-mayor of London, in 1697, had the folly to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office; which produced "A Dialogue between Jack and Will, concerning the lord-mayor's carrying the sword to a conventicle, 1697," 4to.—This transaction, probably, occasioned the provisions in Stat. 5 Geo. 1. c. 4. which declares that any mayor, bailiff, or other magistrate, being present at any place of publick worship, other than the church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the ensigns thereof, shall, on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any publick office or employment whatsoever. N.

† Custard is a famous dish at a lord mayor's feast. H.

ship

Digitized by Google

ship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

Digitized by Google

## THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long, is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit *, who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle, what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanack upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk, and the subject; and found, it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said, "I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter

* Pere d'Orleans. *Original.*



Digitized by Google

(but not in verse) or a small treatise upon the ——, it would run like wild-fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account *."

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately with a very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom, of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beside dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous deep,

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his Connexion of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him, "it was a dry subject, and the printing could not safely be ventured unless he could enliven it with a little humour." M.

upon

Digitized by Google

upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is to write upon nothing: when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part: so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time, than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise, resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; were few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways * contributed to the repose of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these †. Neither do I think such an employment, so very alien from the office of a wit, as some would suppose. For, among a very polite

* This is a corruption, introduced into writing from vulgar speech. It should be 'any wise,' not 'any ways:' *wise*, adverbially used, signifying *mode*, or *manner:* as *likewise, in like manner; nowise, in no manner:* often also written, *no-ways*. S.

† This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September, 1697. H.



Digitized by Google

nation in Greece *, there were the same temples built and consecrated, to Sleep and the Muses; between which two † deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader: that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed, by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing, in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method, and reason, the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being witty upon occasions, where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight flowers, and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested

* Trazenii, Pausan. l. 2.

† The word *two* is improperly used here: *Sleep* is considered as one deity, and *the Muses* in a body, cannot, with any propriety, be called another. The word *two* should therefore be omitted, and the sentence run thus, 'between which deities,' &c. S.

with

Digitized by Google

with great reading into my book of common-places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities, to expose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda*, begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

THE

Digitized by Google

# THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an Account of his Departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which Account they were obliged to travel and meet many Disasters, finding no Shelter near Peter's Habitation: Martin succeeds in the North; Peter thunders against Martin for the Loss of the large Revenue he used to receive from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a Challenge to fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended Victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also. With many other extraordinary Adventures of the said Martin in several Places with many considerable Persons.

With a Digression concerning the Nature, Usefulness, and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels *.

---

HOW Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which

* Inserted in the early editions of the "Tale of a Tub," under the title of 'What follows after Sect. IX. in the Manuscript;' but was omitted in subsequent editions, by the Dean's direction, in order to remove the censure of those who put a construction on it foreign to his design. As in these cooler times the whole allegory has been justly esteemed, the reader will doubtless be pleased at seeing this part of it preserved from oblivion. N.

they

Digitized by Google

they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringians and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches. How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one, who, not having enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second; and knowing Peter used not to grant such licenses but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but, this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin, and all his adherents, rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large



Digitized by Google

rewards, &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff, lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin, to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown every where else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators: and after giving one another broken heads, and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others, since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory; and how lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap, to be worn by him and his successors, as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench. How some of lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy, who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to

Digitized by Google

to spread every where, and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady, who was violently in love with lord Peter. How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again, for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another landlady, more moderate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters, to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books; and of this medley or hodgepodge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this



Digitized by Google

new dispensatory was stolen. How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother: and set up herself in his place, as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend: which has likewise been worn with no small ostentation, to this day, by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash, that still remained in it; but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a North-country farmer, who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and wind-mills, and claimed great honour for his victories, though he oft-times b-sh-t himself when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried, because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the Author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his History a new sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred



Digitized by Google

number three, obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number *; and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true History. This weighty point being cleared, the Author goes on, and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin; how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr, for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

## A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the Author intends to treat it methodically, and at large, in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war, natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others, a part of what they have and we want. Every man, fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from

* 'A panegyrical Essay upon the number THREE' is among the treatises advertised at the beginning of The Tale of a Tub. N.

them

Digitized by Google

them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take every thing its nature requires. Brutes, much more modest in their pretensions this way, than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superiour merit, claim a greater right to take every thing from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c. as also to purge bodies politick of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politick. A comparison of these three. The Author is to write a panegyrick on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds, always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: Those that cannot, or dare not make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on, or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and



Digitized by Google

multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated, by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c. that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the Author's Panegyrick on Mankind.

## THE HISTORY OF MARTIN, CONTINUED.

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind, quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy, till every body grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established. How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to every thing his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty. How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in

Digitized by Google

in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country. How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the North, and put himself in possession of a whole canton, to the great discontent of Martin, who, finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the South parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself, or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve. Of several attempts made to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper, * * * *

Here the Author being seized with a fit of dulness (to which he is very subject) after having read a poetical Epistle addressed to ***, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N. B.

Digitized by Google

N. B. Some things that follow after this are not in the MS. but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

# A PROJECT,

## FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE Author, having laboured so long and done so much to serve and instruct the publick, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project, which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care and prints from 999 learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers, one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions, of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported: and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The

Digitized by Google

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the publick charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging. And that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and, considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print Proposals against next Term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if he comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages, by most nations of Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself, from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project almost as good as this; by establishing Insurance offices every where, for securing people from shipwreck,

Digitized by Google

wreck, and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these officers shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c. that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries: but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large, and communicate to his friend.

*Here ends the manuscript.*

A FULL

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

# BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

# ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

Digitized by Google

" Boileau and Garth have each of them enlivened their pieces with a mock fight. But Boileau has laid the scene of his action in a neighbouring bookseller's shop; where the combatants encounter each other by chance. This conduct is a little inartificial; but has given the satirist an opportunity of indulging his ruling passion, the exposing bad poets, with which France at that time abounded. Swift's Battle of the Books is evidently taken from this Battle of Boileau, (Cant. V.) which is excellent in its kind." Dr. Warton.

" Though I reverence those men of ancient time, that either have written truth perspicuously, or set us in any better way to find it out ourselves; yet to the antiquity itself I think nothing due;—for if we will reverence the age, the present is the oldest. If the antiquity of the writer, I am not sure, that generally they to whom such honour is given, were more ancient when they wrote than I am that am writing. But, if it be well considered, the praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence for the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living." Hobbes. *MS. Pate.*

" I have very lately been authentically informed, that Swift used to be mortified at sir William Temple's frequent censure and contempt of burlesque writings; and was much hurt at the last paragraph of sir William's Essay upon ancient and modern Learning; where he says, ' I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all honour and virtue, as well as learning and piety, may have no worse effect on any state; it is the itch of our age and climate; and has overrun both the court and the stage, enters a house of lords and commons, as boldly as a coffee-house; debates of council, as well as private conversation; and I have known in my life, more than one or two ministers of state, that would rather have said a witty thing, than have done a wise one; and made the company laugh, rather than the kingdom rejoice.' Boileau, &c.

Dr. Swift's plan of the " Battle of the Books in the King's Library," was taken from a very ingenious French tract in 12mo. intitled, " Histoire Poëtique de la Guerre nouvellement declarée entre les Ancients et les Moderns." See *Gent. Mag.* vol. XL. p. 159. N.

THE

Digitized by Google

## THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about Ancient and Modern Learning. The controversy took its rise, from an essay of sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom sir William Temple had in the essay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle, now earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of sir William Temple's character and merits, roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE

Digitized by Google

## THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass *, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face, but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind; and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain, that will endure but one scumming: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of dream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

* "Since every man is fond of his own face, why should you, when we hold it, break the glass?" ETHEREGE.

A FULL

Digitized by Google

# A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of Time *, will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches: the former of which assertions, may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter: for pride, is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out †, when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are, lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politicks, we may observe in the republick of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog ‡, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls

* "Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground," &c. *Vid.* Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. edit.—now called, "Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed for the Company of Stationers." H.

† This is ungrammatical; it should be 'it very seldom happens among men, that they fall out,' &c. S.

‡ This mode of expression is bald, and not reconcileable to grammar: it should be, 'when it happens that one great bone is seized on by some leading dog,' &c. S.



Digitized by Google

to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold, upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street, is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republicks engaged in a foreign war either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty, or want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement, between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions, upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war *, are not so easy to conjecture at †: for, the present quarrel is so inflamed

* "For there is nothing more uncertain
"Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune."
HUDIBRAS.

† 'Are not so easy to conjecture at'—is a strange impropriety of

Digitized by Google

flamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which, had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the ancients; and the other was held by the moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus, quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the East *; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the ancients, would please to remove themselves and their effects, down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in † their place: or else the said ancients, will give leave to the moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill, as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer; how little they expected such a message as this, from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were *aborigines* of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That,

of speech; the sentence would run much better thus, 'But it is not so easy to conjecture what will be the issue or events of this war.' S.

* Whence we derive all learning. *MS. Pate.*

† For 'in,' read 'into.' S.



Digitized by Google

if the height of the hill on their side, shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed, by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients: to the former of which, they would not only give license, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns, with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part, by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties, enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which conveyed through a sort of engine, called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor, was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the

Digitized by Google

the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war); so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause: a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, *disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations.* For a very few days they are fixed up in all publick places, either by themselves or their representatives * for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books, is wonderfully instilled and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there †, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cemeteries; where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum*

* Their title-pages. H.

† The word 'there' is here improperly used; it should be 'thither.' S.

*hominis*,

Digitized by Google

*hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust, or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy, being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, having always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors, to bind them to the peace, with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemicks* of the larger size, should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the publick peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose * of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the

* 'Arose,' improperly used here for 'arisen.' S.

publick

Digitized by Google

publick libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight, that happened on Friday last, between the ancient and modern books, in the King's Library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account hereof.

The guardian of the Regal Library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity* *, had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superiour rock: but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre; a quality, to which

* The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *cujus* (i. e. MSS.) *ulteriorem copiam, Bibliothecarius ex suâ summâ humanitate negavit.* Dr. Bentley was then library-keeper: the two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop. H.

those

Digitized by Google

those of the modern party are extreme subject; for being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors, and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place, among all the books in the library; for which, several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns, into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wise masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while those books, that were advocates for



Digitized by Google

the moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot, were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: their * horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession; and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the moderns, were much the more ancient † of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you;

* There is an ambiguity in this expression from the arrangement of the sentence, which might thus be removed: 'whereof the foot, were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: the horses of the cavalry were large,' &c. S.

† According to the modern paradox. *Original.*

but

Digitized by Google

but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we *French* and *English*) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For, our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, "By —— he believed them."

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negociation with secrecy enough, to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that sir William Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who, thereupon, drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive: upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest, Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave

Digitized by Google

cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows, fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that *Beelzebub** with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Mean while the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was

* The Hebrew god of flies. *MS. Pate.*

very

Digitized by Google

very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a mad-man, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight) "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—n'd? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll) "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I never was in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and for ought I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters"—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons, that all the world is pleased to use, in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his

Digitized by Google

his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle, as easily, as a violet. Whereas I am a domestick animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematicks) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my musick; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematicks, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for ought I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged

Digitized by Google

obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt, does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect, furnishes you with a share of poison, to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two *, that, which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb: or that, which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgement, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most bar-

* It ought to be—'which is the nobler being of the two,' &c. S.

barously

Digitized by Google

barously treated by a strange effect of the Regent's *humanity*, who * had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of modern; where soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a moderns; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, "that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel, and adapt † to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants," said he, "have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close, upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to

* Bentley, who denyed the antiquity of Æsop. See note, p. 391. H.

† There is no such word in English as adapt, used adjectively; it should be the participle, 'adapted.' S.



Digitized by Google

own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematicks. To all this, the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For, any thing else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened

Digitized by Google

heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals, and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns, were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies, upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux *. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn like that of Evander into meteors, or like the cannon-ball into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers, from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey †, their great *aga:* part armed with sithes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau. H.

† Doctor Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the moderns, and excepted against, as false, by sir William Temple. H.



Digitized by Google

bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus, and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of *calones* *, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without coats † to cover them.

The army of the ancients, was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the Regal Library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for, among the Gods she always

* By calling this disorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work; they are styled *calones* because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army, or private families, were the meanest of all slaves of servants whatsoever. H.

† These are pamphlets which are not bound or covered. H.

tells

Digitized by Google

tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather; and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other, through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, accidents or events; but the gods call them, second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they



Digitized by Google

flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant diety, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand, sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice resemble those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster, than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idle here, while our devout worshippers the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies; who then hereafter

Digitized by Google

after will ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste therefore to the British isle, and if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy. "It is I," said she, "who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me, beaux become politicians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errours, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language; by me, striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me?—But come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what

Digitized by Google

what blessings did she not let fall, upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-Garden*? And now, she reached the fatal plain of St. James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoes, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the Fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race, begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person, into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick, turned into paste-board, and the thin, into paper; upon which, her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape

* See the notes, p. 235. H.

and

Digitized by Google

and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into her mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little, to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over History, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.*

* * * * * * * *Hic pausa*

* * * * * * * *desunt.*

They bore the wounded *aga** on their shields to

* Doctor Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons. H.

his

Digitized by Google

his chariot * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
*Desunt* * * * * * * *
*nonnulla.* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern, and went whizzing over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the paste-board, and went in at his right-eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superiour influence, drew him into his own vortex. * * * * * *
*Ingens hiatus* * * * * * *
*hic in MS.* * * * * * * *
* * when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert* advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, "that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour." Madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew horse and man to the ground, there to be

* Sir William Davenant. *MS. Pate.*



Digitized by Google

trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's * side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial, lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley †, with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace, was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed, was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The

* Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill. See "The Session of the Poets," in Dryden's Miscellanies. H.

† Sam Westley, with contempt. *MS. Pate.*

brave

Digitized by Google

brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprize and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau, from within the pent-house of a modern perriwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient, called him *Father*; and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of gold* and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour, became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * * * *

* * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

*Alter hiatus in MS.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous modern (but one of the mercenaries) strenuously opposed himself, and darted

* See Homer. *Original.*

his

Digitized by Google

his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. "Brave modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you*, for never did my arm so deceive me before: but what mortal can contend with a god? therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. * * * * *

*Pauca desunt.* * * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra ‡ the Amazon, light of foot: never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemies light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached

* His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet. H.

‡ Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. H.

within

Digitized by Google

within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground: yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by Venus *. And now, both heroes drew their swords, but the modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifted up his ha the posture of a suppliant: " Godlike Pindar," said he, " spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms, beside the ransom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner." —" Dog," said Pindar, " let your ranson stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." With that, he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half, lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horses feet; the other half, was born by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus † took, washed in seven times

* His poem called The Mistress. H.

† I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindaricks are much preferable to his Mistress. It may however be considered, that Cowley's Pindaricks were but copies, of which Pindar was the original; before Pindar therefore his Pindaricks might fall; and his Mistress be preserved

Digitized by Google

times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which, the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot.

* * * * * * *Hiatus valde de-*
* * * * * * *flendus in MS.*

## THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON *.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand in-

served as properly his own. H.—It may be observed, in defence of Dr. Hawkesworth's judgment concerning Cowley, that it agrees with that of Mr. Dryden, who says, "If I may be pardoned for so bold a truth, Mr. Cowley has copied him (Pindar) to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindariques and his latter compositions, which are undoubedly the best of his Poems, and the most correct." Preface to Juvenal, Dryden's Works, vol. III. p. 162. N.

* As the account of the Battle of the Books, is an allegorical representation of sir William Temple's essay, in which the ancients are opposed to the moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action. H.

coherent

Digitized by Google

coherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind * blows suddenly down, from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass; which tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left †. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, "that he conceived, with great

* Bentley against Boyle. *MS. Pate.*

† The person, here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities. WOTTON.



Digitized by Google

submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs *, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You," said he, " sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look; " Miscreant prater," said he, " eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprize, to attempt some

* See Homer de Thersite. *Original.*

neglected

Digitized by Google

neglected quarter of the ancients army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some struggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness, and domestick want, provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier; they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow: mean while the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other, scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van, Confusion and Amaze; while Horrour and Affright, brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep; Bentley would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's

Digitized by Google

Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris * was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the lauguage of mortal men Helicon. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud: for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those, who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips,

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those, who were killed in their sleep. H.



Digitized by Google

and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself: "O, that I could kill this destroyer of our army; what renown should I purchase among the chiefs? but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance *, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas, or Apollo, are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to Hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of this prayer, the gods granted at the intercession of his mother, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the goddess his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton

* See Homer. *Original.*



Digitized by Google

might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods *, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterward bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the Christ-Church wits. H.



Digitized by Google

had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning *; if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast: but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body; in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the ten-

* This is also after the manner of Homer: the woman's getting painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority. H.

der

Digitized by Google

der sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs: so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * *Desunt cætera.*



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

# MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

# SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

Digitized by Google

THE

# BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following discourse * came into my hands perfect and entire: but there being several things in it, which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgement I entirely submit it.

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted; whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not; nor, indeed, is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on, in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves, than his relation. H.

A DISCOURSE,

Digitized by Google

# A DISCOURSE, &c.

For T. H. Esquire*, at his Chambers in the Academy of the Beaux Esprits in New England.

SIR,

It is now a good while, since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in: for, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However I have been perplexed for some time to resolve, what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's Church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any, which holds so general a vogue, as that of "A Letter to a Friend." Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles, addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary, or convenient: such as a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the

* Supposed to be Colonel Hunter, mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub. H.

post;

Digitized by Google

post; as long schemes in philosophy; dark and wonderful mysteries of state; laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy; advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter, as soon as ever it comes to your hand. I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois virtuosi, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them, I shall send an account of those phenomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the literati of Topinambou, these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of form, or of business, let me intreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

SECT.

Digitized by Google

## SECT. I.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be born to Heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, has been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians; and doubtless with very good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system, from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals, to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world, so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety, or ease; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear * a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth, in all its qualities, as well as operations; and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs, concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politicks, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert

* This is a very singular mode of expression, it should be, "I must confess that I bear," &c. S.

them

Digitized by Google

them with a wonderful facility of applications. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art, to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For, towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the rider, and the ass; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter, as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory; though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications, as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henceforward instead of the term, ass, we shall make use of gifted, or enlightened teacher; and the word, rider, we will exchange for that of fanatick auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us, is, to examine by what methods, this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings, I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature,

Digitized by Google

nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholick use I esteem this present disquisition*; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world, have so unanimously agreed, as that of a fanatick strain, or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those, who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power, in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed it to some fanatick branch; such are, the philosopher's stone; the grand elixir †; the planetary worlds; the squaring of the circle; the *summum bonum*; Utopian common-wealths; with some others of less or subordinate note: which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But, if this plant has found a root, in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther, upon holy ground. Wherein, though it has passed under the general name of enthusiam, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet has it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter.

* This sentence is defective, for want of the words, 'to be,' at the end of it: as thus, 'and of such catholick use I esteem this present disquisition to be.' S.

† Some writers hold them for the same, others not. *Original.*

Digitized by Google

This description will hold good in general; but I am only to understand it, as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first, is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second, is the immediate act of the Devil, and is termed possession. The third, is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But, the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice, and mechanick operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it is grown so epidemick, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader, the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries, that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others.

Digitized by Google

others. Besides, there is many an operation, which, in its original, was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages, has grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors, the Scythians, there was a nation called *Long-heads* *; which at first began †, by a custom among midwives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Long-heads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which, there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round-heads* ‡; whose race is now spread

* Macrocephali. *Original.*

† Which at first began, *&c.* as, 'which,' refers here to the word, 'nation,' in the preceding part of the sentence, this does not make sense: it should be thus—'there was a nation called Long-heads, which name took its rise from a custom among midwives,' *&c.* S.

‡ The fanaticks in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, 'Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair,' cut their's very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that round-headed man was; and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called Round-heads, H. —Mr. Granger has given a different account of its origin. "The Barnardiston family is remarkable for having given rise to the name

Digitized by Google

spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a Round-head, has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a Long-head among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For, the first, and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections, that may be raised hereafter, against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art, proceed, in general, upon the following fundamental; that, the corruption of the senses, is the generation of the spirit; because the senses in men, are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which, in this operation, is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster,

name of Round-head, as appears from the following note taken from Rapin's History: the London apprentices wore the hair of their head cut round; and the queen observing, out of a window, Samuel Barnardiston among them, cried out, See what a handsome Roundhead is there! and the name came from thence, and was publickly used by Captain Hide." N.

and

Digitized by Google

and amuse the senses, or else, to justle them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses, upon such conjunctures, are, what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For, it is positively denied by certain criticks, that the spirit can, by any means, be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove, from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both it appears; "First, that the Apostles were *gathered together with one accord, in one place*; by which is meant a universal agreement in opinion, and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads, in the same. Secondly, the spirit instructed the Apostles, in "the gift of *speaking several languages*; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases, in their own. Lastly," say these objectors, "the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously



Digitized by Google

a-top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the Apostles heads, while their hats were on."

Now, the force of these objections, seem to consist in the different acceptation of the word, *spirit*; which *, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers, find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration; than which, nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanick light, as we may perhaps farther show in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phenomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows; they violently strain their eye-balls inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of seesaw, making long hums at proper periods; and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice, in any part of it, so singular and improbable, as not to be traced in distant regions, from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis†, or enlightened saints of India,

* This is wholly ungrammatical; the nominative 'which' has no verb in the sentence afterwards to which it refers, and may be omitted without prejudice to the sense. S.

† Bernier, Mem. de Mogol. *Original.*

see

Digitized by Google

see all their visions, by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial extasies, has been derived to us from our Scythian * ancestors, where it is practised at this day, among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation, has, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco, handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes to his turn to take in fresh: at the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up, in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination has usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods, by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmer-

* Guagnini Hist. Sarmat. *Original.*



Digitized by Google

ing light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud *hum*, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a meer spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which, the spirit would soon faint, and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover, about the progress of the spirit with relation to that part, which is born by the assembly; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

## SECT. II.

You will read it very gravely remarked, in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers; that the fundamental difference, in point of religion, between the wild Indians and us, lies in this: that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But, there are certain criticks, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to entend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest goodness and

Digitized by Google

and ability to help them; which, perhaps, will take in the brightest attributes, ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two principles; the principle of good, and that of evil: which, indeed, I am apt to look upon, as the most universal notion, that mankind, by the meer light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea has been managed by the Indians, and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me, the difference appears little more than this, that they, are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we, by our desires; that the former, set them a praying, and us, a cursing. What I applaud them for, is, their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities, to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God, to cross or to interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments, as themselves seem most to value and possess: after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners, at the same time, engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of

Digitized by Google

of God, or the Devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences, come into men's minds from above or below; whether certain passions and affections, are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

*Cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum*
*Discernunt avidi?* * —— HOR.

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues, and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it has continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastick preachers, were possession, or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think, it is in life, as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity †. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine, the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he has got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose, to help him by the hand; if he has knocked his head against a post, it was the Devil, for his sins, let loose from Hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either Heaven or Hell, should be put to the trouble of in-

* Insatiate of liquor, when flow their full veins,
No distinction of vice, or of virtue remains. FRANCIS,

† Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit, HOR. de Arte Poeticâ, *MS. Pate.*

fluence

Digitized by Google

fluence or inspection, upon what he is about? therefore, I am resolved immediately to weed this errour out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts, is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear, by describing and deducting the whole process of the operation, as variously, as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * * * * * *

*Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.*

* * * * * * * * *

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words, upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use: these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers her still with a wet clout, for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For, it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape

Digitized by Google

shape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat, can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour, to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That, if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular, gives eloquence: if the bite hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politicks; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, toward the composition and improvement of the spirit; for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For, it is to be understood, that in the language of the spirit, *cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason*, in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar, has not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and

Digitized by Google

and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense, before he can make it musick. For this reason it has been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by Ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder criticks upon that passage, are of opinion, the word in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*; but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient toward the art of canting is, a competent share of *inward light*; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested, by those methods and mechanical operations, already related: the bearers of this light, resembling lanterns * compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles; which invention, sir Humphrey Edwin †, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be fulfilled, where it says, thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.

Now, the art of canting, consists in skilfully adapting the voice, to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience, with its

* 'Tis the dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by, but those who bear it. HUDIBRAS.

† See before, p. 361.

most

Digitized by Google

most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence, is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words in a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable * to the modern refinements in musick, is taken up wholly, in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single vowel, to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the musick of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate, are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman, shall blow his nose so powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who were disposed to receive the excrements of his brain, with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetorick, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import, through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art, within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world, with my critical essay upon the art of canting; philosophically, physically and musically considered.

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice has born a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which under the denomination of *snuffling* †, has passed with so great applause in the world. The

* Agreeable, for agreeably. S.

† The snuffling of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect. W. WOTTON.

originals

Digitized by Google

originals of this institution, are very dark: but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or, at least, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For, some think, that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others, rather believe there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit; adding that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs; and, when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully head-strong and hard-mouthed. However, it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part (a very natural effect of strong inspiration;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferiour vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that

Digitized by Google

that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an idiosyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flagellet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty, with wonderful success, in the operation of the spirit: for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered *through the nose*. Straight, every pastor copied after this original; and those, who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it; so that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire, to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his, to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read, how the Persian beast, acquired his faculty, by covering a mare the day before*.

* Herodotus.

I should

Digitized by Google

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is, in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm, some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance, of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race, from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter, to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit, possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees, by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism, from the most early ages, to the present. And if

Digitized by Google

if we are able to fix, upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanaticks in ancient story, are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites, known in Greece by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*; whether introduced there by Orpheus, or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future*. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus: which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books, at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men, who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the index; as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny, by peeping into his breech. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, there was not one vine in all Egypt †, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of

* Diodorus Siculus, l. i. Plut. de Iside & Osiride.

† Herod. l. ii.

owing

Digitized by Google

owing its invention and progress, not only to the Ægyptian Osiris*, but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited, or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom, or never drunk: for, it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the mitre †; which he wore continually on his head, (as the whole company of bacchanals did) to prevent vapours and the head-ach after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the scarlet whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs, by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, these feasts were instituted, in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian ceremonies were so many types and symbols. From which account ‡ it is manifest, that the fanatick rites of these Bacchanals, cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints, from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their processions, an intire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses,

* Diodorus Siculus, l. i. & iii.

† Id. l. iv.

‡ See the particulars in Diodorus Siculus, l. i. & iii.



Digitized by Google

all, companions of great skill and practice, in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types*, was performed *in puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his orgies to them †; which others explained, by telling us, he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanaticks we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sects of hereticks, appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors, in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their widest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never

* Dionysia Brauronia.

† Vid. Photium in Excerptis è Conone.

failed

Digitized by Google

failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanaticks of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther; springing, as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest: such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others; whose visions and revelations, always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters apiece, and making that practice, a fundamental part of their system. For, human life is a continual navigation, and, if we expect our vessels to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanaticks in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the family of love, sweet singers of Israel, and the like: and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle, which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature; for, the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superiour faculties, and those below: and thus, the thorn in the flesh, serves for a spur to the spirit. I think, it is agreed among physicians, that nothing effects the head so much, as a



Digitized by Google

A

# TRITICAL ESSAY

UPON THE

# FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

Digitized by Google

TO ———

SIR,

BEING so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose, you would be very much obliged with any thing that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses, for running into stale topicks and threadbare quotations, and not handling their subject fully and closely: all which errours I have carefully avoided in the following essay, which I have proposed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and observations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the subject of mighty importance, and treated with much order and perspicuity, it has cost me a great deal of time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost effort of my genius.

A TRITICAL

Digitized by Google

# A TRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

PHILOSOPHERS say, that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great: and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politick; and if this be so, how can the epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms: which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet, could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum teneatis amici* *? This false opinion must needs create many more: it is like an errour in the first concoction, which cannot be corrected in the second; the foundation is weak, and whatever superstructure you raise upon it, must of necessity fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one errour to another, until with Ixion they embrace a cloud instead of Juno; or like the dog in the fable lose the substance in gaping at the shadow. For such opinions cannot cohere; but like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, must separate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, that Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer: which he needed not

* Horace.



Digitized by Google

have done, if the fortuitous concourse of atoms could create one: but this is an opinion, fitter for that many-headed beast the vulgar, to entertain, than for so wise a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his sect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the chestnut out of the fire.

However, the first step to the cure, is to know the disease; and though truth may be difficult to find, because, as the philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open daylight. I hope I may be allowed, among so many far more learned men, to offer my mite, since a standerby may sometimes perhaps see more of the game, than he that plays it. But I do not think a philosopher obliged to account for every phenomenon in nature, or drown himself with Aristotle, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the tide, in that fatal sentence he passed upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuser and executioner. Socrates, on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this digression: I think it as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that Nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret recesses, we should find that the smallest blade of grass, or most contemptible weed, has its particular use: but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions, the least and most contemptible insect, most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it, though nature, which delights in variety,

Digitized by Google

variety, will always triumph over art: and as the poets observes,

"*Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret* *."
HOR. Lib. I. Epist. X. 24.

But the various opinions of philosophers, have scattered through the world as many plagues of the mind, as Pandora's box did those of the body; only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if truth be not fled with Astrea, she is certainly as hidden as the source of Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on those wise sages, which would be a sort of ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of,

*Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis.*

But, what I blame the philosophers for, (though some may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride; nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your faith on their sleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for aught I know, as much pride under his rags, as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the cynick only answered, "Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the light;" which was almost as extragavant as the philosopher, that flung his money into the sea, with this remarkable saying ———

* For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess, will return again.
FRANCIS.

How

Digitized by Google

How different was this man from the usurer, who being told his son would spend all he had got, replied, "He cannot take more pleasure in spending, than I did in getting it." These men could see the faults of each other, but not their own; those they flung into the bag behind; *non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo est.* I may perhaps be censured for my free opinions by those carping Momuses whom authors worship, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds, as the man in the almanack; but I value it not; and perhaps like flies, they may buzz so often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They must pardon me, if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand: it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment:

*Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni*
*Tormentum majus—*

HOR. Lib. I. Epist. II. 58.

I must be so bold to tell my criticks and witlings, that they can no more judge of this, than a man that is born blind, can have any true idea of colours. I have always observed, that your empty vessels sound loudest: I value their lashes as little as the sea did those of Xerxes, when he whipped it. The utmost favour a man can expect from them is, that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he would devour him the last: they think to subdue a writer, as Cæsar did his enemy, with a *Veni, vidi, vici.* I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W———k; but

Digitized by Google

but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the philosophers about a *vacuum*, may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critick's head. They are at best but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey, and will not work themselves; and a writer need no more regard them, than the moon does the barking of a little senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin.

But to return to our discourse: Demosthenes being asked what was the first part of an orator, replied, action: what was the second, action: what was the third, action: and so on *ad infinitum*. This may be true in oratory; but contemplation, in other things, exceeds action. And therefore a wise man is never less alone, than when he is alone: *Nunquam minus solus, quam cùm solus.*

And Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was so intent upon his problems, that he never minded the soldiers who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract from the just praise which belongs to orators, they ought to consider that nature, which gave us two eyes to see, and two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to speak; wherein however some do so abound, that the virtuosi, who have been so long in search for the perpetual motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire republicks, because orators flourish there most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Besides, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness,

*Ira*

Digitized by Google

*Ira furo brevis est.*
Hor. Lib. I. Epist. II. 62.

After which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. But in oratory the greatest art is to hide art, *Artis est celare artem.*

But this must be the work of time, we must lay hold on all opportunities, and let slip no occasion; else we shall be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the night what we spun in the day. And therefore I have observed, that time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once past, there is no recalling it.

The mind of man is at first (if you will pardon the expression) like a *tabula rasa*, or like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none, from the sceptre to the spade: *Mors omnibus communis.*

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than a hundred years, they would be all dead. Anacreon was choked with a grapestone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy; yet Plato thought, that if virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, unless

Digitized by Google

unless it were, as he did to Danaë, in a golden shower: for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting:

*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.*

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expose myself to censure, in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject, must be left to the judgment of my learned reader: however I cannot but hope, that my attempting of it, may be encouragement for some able pen, to perform it with more sucoess.

A MEDITATION

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A

# MEDITATION

UPON A

# BROOMSTICK.

ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

Digitized by Google

In the Posthumous Works of the Author of Hudibras, 1759, vol. I. p. 404. we find a satirical imitation of Mr. Boyle's style, under the title of " An Occasional Reflection on Dr Carleton's feeling a Dog's Pulse at Gresham College, by R. B. esq. to Lyndamore;" a performance in which there appeared so striking a resemblance to the present one of our Author, as to induce the Editor of those volumes to imagine the Dean must have either seen or heard of this piece by his witty predecessor. But, as few writers are so little liable to the charge of plagiarism as the Dean, it may not be improper to set down what the above-mentioned Editor has offered upon the subject: " It is great pity but Mr. Boyle's merit, which it must be owned was very great both in his learned and moral capacity, had pleaded his excuse for any little defects in his manner of writing; but, as my lord Orrery observes, the sword of Wit, like the scythe of Time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way." However, in justice to the wit of our Satirist, we must acknowledge that he has hit upon the weak side of Boyle's character as an Author, since his greatest admirers must confess that his style is rather too copious, diffusive, and circumstantial, and that his reasoning and reflections are sometimes too puerile and trifling. Whoever will take the pains to examine his writings with this view, will find that Butler has very archly imitated him, both in the flimsy long-winded turn of the sentences, and in the too pompous manner of moralizing upon every occasion that offers.

" It is something very singular that Dean Swift should have attempted the same thing, in the very same manner too, in his ' Meditation upon a Broomstick.' Butler and Swift were indeed geniuses pretty much of the same turn, and might possibly be led by that into the same vein of thinking and writing; but I think it more probable that Swift took the hint from having either seen or heard of this performance of our Author's. What led me into this conjecture is the certain information I have received that these manuscripts were communicated to Bishop Atterbury, whose well-known intimacy with Swift would give him opportunities of mentioning the nature and subjects of them." So far Mr. Thyer. For the further information of his Reader, it is to be regretted that he did not mention the time when these manuscripts were communicated to the Bishop. Mr. Deane Swift, p. 131, says the Meditation, &c. was written in the year 1703; and it is very certain that the Dean's acquaintance with the Bishop did not commence till a much later period. See Journal to Stella, Jan. 6, 1710-11. N.

A MEDITATION

Digitized by Google

# A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk: it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, **Surely man is a Broomstick!** nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the



Digitized by Google

sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man, but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.



Digitized by Google

SOME

# THOUGHTS

ON

# FREETHINKING.

[WRITTEN IN ENGLAND, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED.]

DISCOURSING one day with a prelate of the kingdom of Ireland, who is a person of excellent wit and learning, he offered a notion applicable to the subject we were then upon, which I took to be altogether new and right. He said, that the difference betwixt a madman and one in his wits, in what related to speech, consisted in this; that the former spoke out whatever came into his mind, and just in the confused manner as his imagination presented the ideas: the latter only expressed such thoughts as his judgment directed him to choose, leaving the rest to die away in his memory; and that if the wisest man would, at any time, utter his thoughts in the crude indigested manner as they come into his head, he would be looked upon as raving mad. And indeed, when we consider our thoughts, as they are the seeds of words and actions, we cannot but agree that they ought to be kept under the strictest regulation; and that in the great multipli-



Digitized by Google

city of ideas which one's mind is apt to form, there is nothing more difficult than to select those which are most proper for the conduct of life. So that I cannot imagine what is meant by the mighty zeal in some people for asserting the freedom of thinking; because, if such thinkers keep their thoughts within their own breasts, they can be of no consequence, farther than to themselves. If they publish them to the world, they ought to be answerable for the effects their thoughts produce upon others. There are thousands in this kingdom, who, in their thoughts, prefer a republick, or absolute power of a prince, before a limited monarchy; yet, if any of these should publish their opinions, and go about, by writing or discourse, to persuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the severest punishments the law can inflict; and therefore they are usually so wise as to keep their sentiments to themselves. But, with respect to religion, the matter is quite otherwise; and the publick, at least here in England, seems to be of opinion with *Tiberius*, that *Deorum injuriæ diis curæ*. They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himself, who is no doubt sufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge the affronts of impious men. And, it should seem, that is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon; nor why, since they are God's vicegerents, they do not think themselves, at least equally obliged to preserve their master's honour as their own; since this is what they expect from those they depute, and since they never fail to represent the disobedience of their subjects, as offences against God. It is true, the visible reason



Digitized by Google

of this neglect is obvious enough: the consequences of atheistical opinions, published to the world, are not so immediate, or so sensible, as doctrines of rebellion and sedition, spread in a proper season. However, I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and probable from the former, though more remote: and whether these have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

DEDICATION

Digitized by Google

# DEDICATION*

TO THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES OF

## SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's LETTERS.

[*Published in* 1700; *soon after Sir William's decease.*]

TO His most Sacred Majesty, William the Third, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. These Letters of Sir William Temple having been left to my care, they are most humbly presented to your Majesty, by

Your Majesty's
Most dutiful
and obedient Subject,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

---

## PREFACE.

THE collection of the following letters is owing to the diligence of Mr. Thomas Downton, who was one of the secretaries during the whole time wherein they bear date; and it has succeeded very fortunately for the publick, that their is contained in

* Neither this Dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom once he had loaded with confidence and fondness, revived in king William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the court, but soon found his solicitations hopeless. JOHNSON.

them

Digitized by Google

them an account of all the chief transactions and negotiations which passed in Christendom during the seven years wherein they are dated; as the war from Holland, which began in 1665; the treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Munster, with the issue of it; the French invasion of Flanders in the year 1667; the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by the king's mediation; the treaty at Breda: the triple alliance; the peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the first part; and in the second part, the negotiations in Holland in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees by which they came to decay; the journey and death of Madam; the seizure of Lorrain and his excellency's recalling; with the first unkindness between England and Holland, upon the yatch's transporting his lady and family; and the beginning of the second Dutch war in 1672. With these are intermixed several letters, familiar and pleasant.

I found the book among sir William Temple's papers, with many others, wherewith I had the opportunity of being long conversant, having passed several years in his family.

I pretend no other part than the care that Mr. Downton's book should be correctly transcribed, and the letters placed in the order they were writ. I have also made some literal amendments, especially in the Latin, French, and Spanish; these I took care should be translated and printed in another column, for the use of such readers as may be unacquainted with the originals. Whatever fault there may be in the translation, I doubt I must answer for the greater part, and must leave the rest to those friends who were pleased to assist

Digitized by Google

sist me. I speak only of the French and Latin; for the few Spanish translations I believe need no apology.

It is generally believed that this author has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear; and yet how great a master he was of it, as I think, never appeared so much as it will in the following letters, wherein the style appears so very different, according to the difference of the persons to whom they were addressed; either men of business or idle, of pleasure or * serious, of great or of less parts or abilities, in their several stations; so that one may discover the characters of most of those persons he writes to, from the style of his letters.

At the end of each volume, is added a collection, copied by the same hand, of several letters to this ambassador, from the chief persons employed, either at home or abroad, in these transactions, and during six years course of his negotiations; among which are many from the pensionary John de Witt, and all the writings of this kind that I know of, which remain of that minister, so renowned in his time.

It has been justly complained of as a defect among us, that the English tongue has produced no letters of any value; to supply which it has been the vein of late years, to translate several out of other languages, though I think with little success; yet, among many advantages, which might recommend this sort of writing, it is certain that nothing

* This mode of phraseology is ungrammatical; it should be—"either to men of business, or *the* idle; to *the* serious, or men of pleasure." S.

is

Digitized by Google

is so capable of giving a true account of stories, as letters are; which describe actions while they are breathing, whereas all other relations are of actions past and dead; so as it has been observed, that the epistles of Cicero to Atticus give a better account of those times, than is to be found in any other writer.

In the following letters the reader will every where discover the force and spirit of this author; but that which will most value them to the publick, both at home and abroad, is, first, that the matters contained in them were the ground and foundation, whereon all the wars and invasions, as well as all the negotiations and treaties of peace in Christendom, have since been raised. And next, that they are written by a person who had so great a share in all those transactions and negotiations.

By residing in his family, I know the author has had frequent instances from several great persons, both at home and abroad, to publish some Memoirs of those affairs and transactions, which are the subject of the following papers; and particularly of the treaties of the triple alliance, and those of Aix-la-Chapelle; but his usual answer was, that whatever Memoirs he had written of those times and negotiations were burnt; however, that perhaps after his death some papers might come out, wherein there would be some account of them. By which, as he has often told me, he meant these letters.

I had begun to fit them for the press during the author's life, but never could prevail for leave to publish them; though he was pleased to be at the pains of reviewing, and to give me his directions for digesting

Digitized by Google

digesting them in order. It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself; and he having done me the honour to leave and recommend to me the care of his writings, I thought I could not at present do a greater service to my country, or to the author's memory, than by making these papers publick.

By way of introduction, I need only take notice, that after the peace of the Pyrenees, and his majesty's happy restoration in 1660, there was a general peace in Christendom (except only the remainder of a war between Spain and Portugal), until the year 1665; when that between England and Holland began, which produced a treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Munster. And this commences the following letters.

PREFACE

Digitized by Google

# PREFACE

TO

# THE THIRD PART

OF

# SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's MISCELLANEA, 1701 *.

THE two following Essays, " Of Popular Discontents," and " Of Health and Long Life," were written many years before the author's death. They were revised and corrected by himself; and were designed to have been part of a Third Miscellanea, to which some others were to have been added, if the latter part of his life had been attended with any sufficient degree of health.

For the third paper, relating to the controversy about " Ancient and Modern Learning," I cannot well inform the reader upon what occasion it was writ, having been at that time in another kingdom; but it appears never to have been finished by the author †.

The

* Our author was at that time M. A. and prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin. N.

† It seems very improbable that Dr. Swift should be altogether ignorant of the famous dispute about " Ancient and Modern Learning." If he had not made this publick declaration, he would highly, and with justice, have resented the being taxed by any other with being ignorant of a passage which made so great a noise in the commonwealth of learning. At this time, however,

Digitized by Google

The two next papers contain the heads of two Essays intended to have been written upon the "Different Conditions of Life and Fortune," and upon "Conversation." I have directed they should be printed among the rest, because I believe there are few who will not be content to see even the first draught of any thing from this author's hand.

At the end I have added a few translations from Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, or rather imitations, done by the author above thirty years ago; whereof the first was printed, among other Eclogues of Virgil, in the year 1679, but without any mention of the author. They were indeed not intended to have been made publick, till I was informed of several copies that were got abroad, and those very imperfect and corrupt. Therefore the reader finds them here, only to prevent him from finding them in other places very faulty, and perhaps accompanied with many spurious additions.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

however, the doctor (being generally suspected of being the author of "The Tale of a Tub," which came abroad some time before, and which he did not think fit to own) might fancy that, by his disclaiming the knowledge of the occasion on which sir William wrote the above Essay, he should weaken the suspicion of his having written "The Tale of a Tub," which last is a subsidiary defence of sir William Temple. D. S.

PREFACE

Digitized by Google

# PREFACE

TO

## THE THIRD VOLUME

OF

## SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's LETTERS, 1703.

THE following Papers are the last of this, or indeed of any kind, about which the author ever gave me his particular commands. They were corrected by himself, and fairly transcribed in his lifetime. I have in all things followed his directions as strictly as I could; but, accidents unforeseen having since intervened, I have thought convenient to lessen the bulk of this volume. To which end, I have omitted several letters addressed to persons with whom this author corresponded without any particular confidence, farther than upon account of their posts: because great numbers of such letters, procured out of the office, or by other means (how justifiable I shall not examine), have been already printed: but, running wholly upon long dry subjects of business, have met no other reception than merely what the reputation of the author would give them. If I could have foreseen an end of this trade, I should, upon some considerations, have longer forborn sending these into the world. But I daily hear, that new discoveries of *original* letters are hasting to the press: to stop the current of which, I am forced to an earlier publication than I designed.

Digitized by Google

I designed. And therefore I take this occasion to inform the reader, that these letters, ending with the author's revocation from his employments abroad (which in less than two years was followed by his retirement from all publick business), are the last he ever intended for the press; having been selected by himself from great numbers yet lying among his papers.

If I could have been prevailed with by the rhetorick of booksellers, or any other little regards, I might easily, instead of retrenching, have made very considerable additions: and by that means have perhaps taken the surest course to prevent the interloping of others. But, if the press must needs be loaded, I would rather it should not be by my means. And therefore I may hope to be allowed one word in the style of a publisher (an office liable to much censure without the least pretensions to merit or to praise) that if I have not been much deceived in others and myself, the reader will hardly find one letter in this collection unworthy of the author, or which does not contain something either of entertainment or of use.



Digitized by Google

# PREFACE

TO

# THE THIRD PART

OF

# SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's MEMOIRS *;

FROM THE PEACE CONCLUDED 1679, TO THE TIME OF THE AUTHOR'S RETIREMENT FROM PUBLICK BUSINESS.

[First published in 1709.]

"*Et ille quidem plenus annis obiit, plenus honoribus, illis etiam quos recusavit.*"

PLIN. Epist. ii. 1.

IT was perfectly in compliance to some persons for whose opinion I have great deference †, that I so

* The price which Mr. Tooke, Swift's bookseller, paid for the copy-right of this volume, appears by the following document, of which Mr. Nichols possesses the original.

"Apr. 14, 1709. Then received of Mr. Benjamin Tooke, the sum of fourty pounds sterl', in full for the originall copy of the third part of Sir William Temple's Memoirs. I say, received by me, JON. SWIFT."

† One of these was undoubtedly the lady Gifford, sir William's sister; who took this publication so ill at Dr. Swift's hands, that she published an advertisement against it.—In the preface to the second part of sir William's Letters (printed in 1703) it appears those were the last papers *of any kind* about which Dr. Swift had sir William's particular commands; it is therefore

Digitized by Google

I so long withheld the publication of the following papers. They seemed to think, that the freedom of some passages in these memoirs might give offence to several who were still alive; and whose part in those affairs which are here related, could not be transmitted to posterity with any advantage to their reputation. But whether this objection be in itself of much weight, may perhaps be disputed; at least it should have little with me, who am under no restraint in that particular; since I am not of an age to remember those transactions, nor had any acquaintance with those persons whose counsels or proceedings are condemned, and who are all of them now dead.

But, as this author is very free in exposing the weakness and corruptions of ill ministers, so he is as ready to commend the abilities and virtue of others, as may be observed from several passages of these memoirs; particularly, of the late earl of Sunderland, with whom the author continued in the most intimate friendship to his death; and who was father of that most learned and excellent lord now secretary of state: as likewise, of the present earl of Rochester, and the earl of Godolphin, now lord treasurer, represented by this impartial author as a person at that time deservedly entrusted with so great a part in the prime ministry; an office he now executes again with such universal applause, so much to the queen's honour and his own, and to the advantage of his country, as well as of the whole confederacy.

therefore not to be wondered, that lady Gifford should dislike this *third part* being published without her consent. This lady died in 1722, at the age of 84. She was companion to sir William in all his foreign embassies. N.

There

Digitized by Google

There are two objections I have sometimes heard to have been offered against those memoirs that were printed in the author's life-time, and which these now published may perhaps be equally liable to. First, as to the matter; that the author speaks too much of himself: next, as to the style; that he affects the use of French words, as well as some turns of expression peculiar to that language.

I believe, those who make the former criticism do not well consider the nature of memoirs: it is to the French (if I mistake not) we chiefly owe that manner of writing: and sir William Temple is not only the first, but I think the only Englishman (at least of any consequence) who ever attempted it. The best French memoirs are writ by such persons as were the principal actors in those transactions they pretend to relate, whether of wars or negotiations. Those of sir William Temple are of the same nature; and therefore, in my judgment, the publisher* (who sent them into the world without the author's privity) gave them a wrong title, when he called them "Memoirs of what passed in Christendom, &c." whereas it should rather have been "Memoirs of the treaty at Nimeguen," which was plainly the sense of the author, who in the epistle tells his son, that "in compliance with his desire, he will leave him some memoirs of what passed in his publick employments abroad;" and in the book itself, when he deduces an account of the state of war in Christendom, he says, it is only to prepare the reader for a relation of that famous treaty;

* They were first published in 1689, by R. Chiswell, whose advertisement is preserved in Temple's Works, vol. II. p. 242, N.



Digitized by Google

where he and sir Lionel Jenkins were the only mediators that continued any considerable time; and as the author was first in commission, so in point of abilities or credit, either abroad or at home, there was no sort of comparison between the two persons. Those memoirs, therefore, are properly a relation of a general treaty of peace, wherein the author had the principal as well as the most honourable part in quality of mediator; so that the frequent mention of himself seems not only excusable but necessary. The same may be offered in defence of the following papers; because, during the greatest part of the period they treat of, the author was in chief confidence with the king his master. To which may be added, that, in the few preliminary lines at the head of the first page, the author professes he writ those papers "for the satisfaction of his friends hereafter, upon the grounds of his retirement, and his resolution never to meddle again with public affairs." As to the objection against the style of the former Memoirs, that it abounds in French words and turns of expression; it is to be considered, that at the treaty of Nimeguen, all business, either by writing or discourse, passed in the French tongue; and the author having lived so many years abroad, in that and former embassies, where all business, as well as conversation, ran in that language, it was hardly possible for him to write upon publick affairs without some tincture of it in his style, though in his other writings there be little or nothing of it to be observed; and as he has often assured me, it was a thing he never affected; so, upon the objections made to his former Memoirs, he blotted out some French words in these, and

Digitized by Google

cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;" and one thing I warned him of, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple); that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." He took all right; said, "I had reason;" vowed "nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;" would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson*. You never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith;

* William Rollinson, esq., formerly a wine merchant, settled afterward in Oxfordshire, where he died at a great age; a genteel agreeable man, an old acquaintance of lord Bolingbroke, and a favourite of Mr. Pope's, who left him five pounds for a ring. N.

he

Digitized by Google

he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingly was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said "she would get a friend to receive the money." I told her, "I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward." Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, "it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead," &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley, he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a

saucy

Digitized by Google

saucy letter from one madam MD.—God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you have sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really N° 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game, Nor yet, have not you the box? I wish Mr. Edgworth had the ———. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and

Digitized by Google

and by.—Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies; I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjuror approves what I did with Mr. Harley*; but your generosity makes me mad. I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not†. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away‡. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives and live cheap there some months, and return in Autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish

* In relation to the bank-bill; see p. 398. D. S.

† Swift was, at this time, their great support and champion. N.

‡ And so at last he threatened; or perhaps he never would have got that trifling deanery of St. Patrick's. D. S.

he

Digitized by Google

and placed English in their stead, though perhaps not so significant.

There is one thing proper to inform the reader, why these Memoirs are called the Third Part, there having never been published but one part before, where, in the beginning, the author mentions a former part, and in the conclusion promises a third. The subject of the first part was chiefly the triple alliance, during the negociation of which my lord Arlington was secretary of state and chief minister. Sir William Temple often assured me, he had burnt those Memoirs; and for that reason was content his letters during his embassies at the Hague and Aix-la-Chapelle, should be printed after his death, in some manner to supply that loss.

What it was that moved sir William Temple to burn those first Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from some passages in the second part, formerly printed. In one place, the author has these words, "My lord Arlington, who made so great a figure in the former part of these Memoirs, was now grown out of all credit," &c. In other parts, he tells us, "That lord was of the ministry which broke the triple league; advised the Dutch war and French alliance; and, in short, was the bottom of all those ruinous measures which the court of England was then taking;" so that, as I have been told from a good hand, and as it seems very probable, he could not think that lord a person fit to be celebrated for his part in forwarding that famous league while he was secretary of state, who had made such counterpaces to destroy it. At the end I have subjoined an Appendix, containing, beside one or two other particulars, a speech of sir William Temple's

Digitized by Google

ple's in the house of commons; and an answer of the king's to an address of that house relating to the bill of exclusion; both which are mentioned in these Memoirs.

I have only farther to inform the reader, that although these papers were corrected by the author, yet he had once intended to insert some additions in several places, as appeared by certain hints or memorandums in the margin; but whether they were omitted out of forgetfulness, neglect, or want of health, I cannot determine: one passage relating to sir William Jones he was pleased to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix *. The rest I know nothing of; but the thread of the story is entire without them.

* Sir William Jones was reputed one of the best speakers in the House, and was very zealous in his endeavours for promoting the bill of exclusion [in 1679]. He was a person of great piety and virtue; and having taken an affection to sir William Temple, was sorry to see him employed in the delivery of so unacceptable a message to the House. The substance of what he said to the author upon it was, that, "for himself, he was old and infirm, and expected to die soon: but you," said he, "will, in all probability, live to see the whole kingdom lament the consequences of this message you have now brought us from the king." SWIFT, Appendix to Temple's Memoirs, 8vo. vol. II. p. 565. N.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
New Bridge-street, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google